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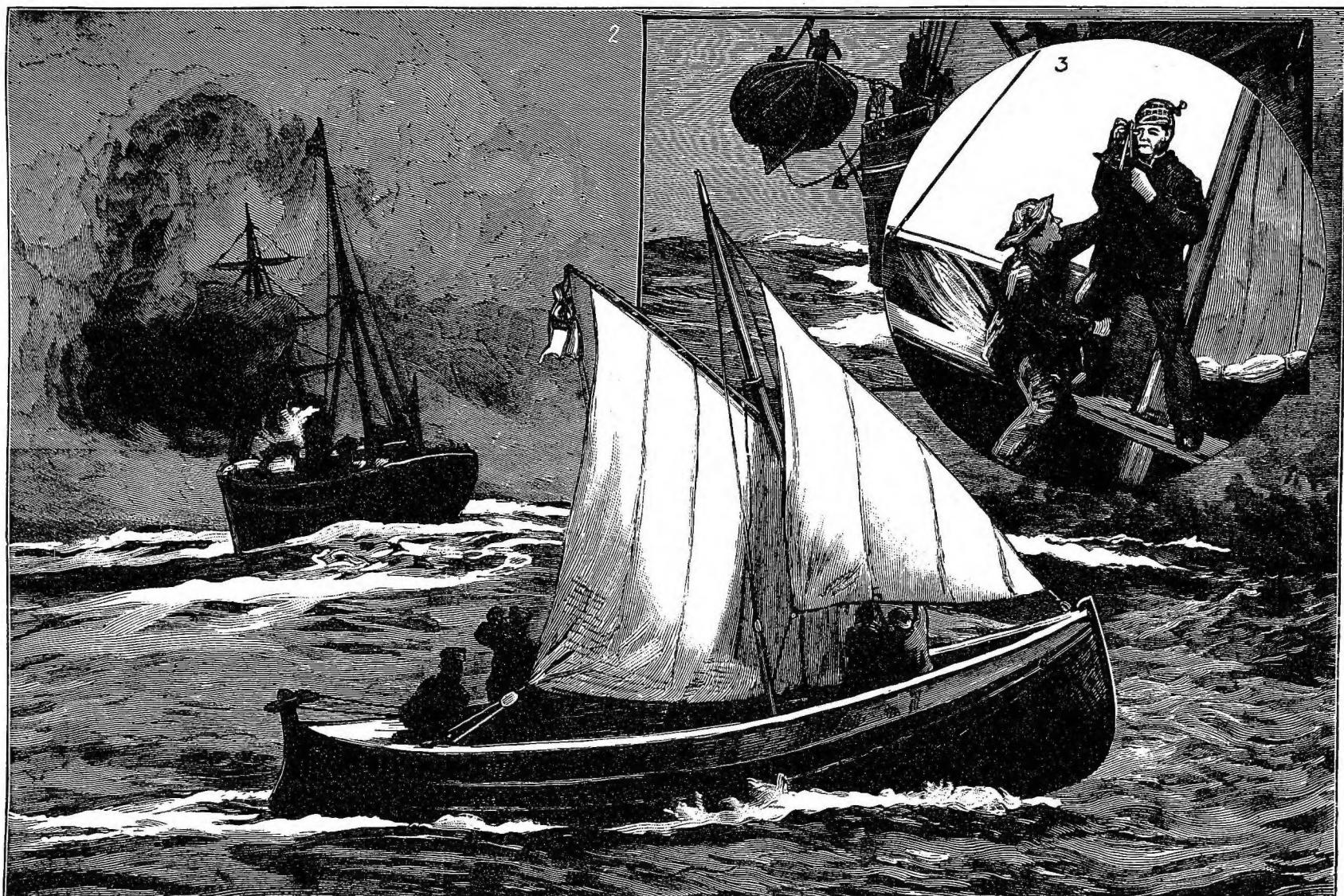
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882

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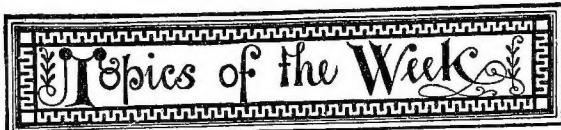
THE PRESTON GUILD FESTIVAL—THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL IN THE PUBLIC HALL



1. Lowering the Boat from the Royal Mail Steamship "Essequibo" in the Bay of Biscay, Four Hundred Miles from the Lizard.—2. Parting Company, Aug. 14: "Good-Bye!"—

3. Captain Harvey, R.N., Taking a Solar Observation Under Difficulties, Aug. 16

SEVEN HUNDRED MILES IN THE "BERTHON" COLLAPSIBLE LIFEBOAT



THE BRITISH VICTORY.—England has good reason to be satisfied with the achievements of her troops during the present week. Most people had begun to be a little impatient about the delay caused by transport arrangements; and the grumblers who never fail to make themselves heard on such occasions had produced a slight impression by their dismal forebodings. After all, the delay was not of much importance; and Sir Garnet Wolseley has fully justified by results his determination to postpone his great stroke until his preparations were absolutely complete. Our army has gained many a more splendid victory, but the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir has a lustre of its own, since it was fought before the whole world for ends in which the whole world is interested. It was planned with admirable foresight, and it would be impossible to praise too highly the manner in which the orders of the Commander-in-Chief were executed. That so fine a force would do justice to itself was to be anticipated; but the dash and resolute courage with which it stormed the enemy's positions went beyond the expectations even of those who had the strongest confidence in the good qualities of British soldiers. Both in Europe and the remote East we shall reap many solid benefits from so striking a manifestation of warlike energy. Meanwhile, it would be dangerous to assume that all our difficulties are at an end. When the last trace of resistance to our arms has vanished, the diplomatic problem will still remain to be solved. That we cannot quit Egypt as promptly as we entered it is evident enough; for a proper system of government must be firmly established, and that can be done only by England. Annexation is not thought of, and even a Protectorate has never been seriously proposed; but after such events as those which are now taking place our influence in Egypt must be greater than that of any other Power or Powers. How far is our influence to extend, and by what means is it to be exerted? These are the questions which must somehow be practically answered in the near future, and every conceivable reply to them will be met by so many objections from one or other of the European States that we cannot hope for an easy, or even, perhaps, for a perfectly satisfactory issue. Of one thing, however, we may be sure, and that is that the Government will be successful exactly in proportion as its aims are clearly defined; and fortunately, in its treatment of Egyptian matters, it has hitherto given no sign of indecision.

THE POSITION OF THE GOVERNMENT.—There can be no doubt that the popularity of the Government was rapidly waning two or three months ago. Everywhere—in Parliament, in Ireland, in the East—Mr. Gladstone seemed to have failed; and the measure of the decline of his influence was afforded by the growing confidence of the Conservatives. A great change has been manifested lately. The Conservatives give hardly any sign of vitality, and Liberals are talking as if the real career of the present Parliament were only now about to begin. Some attempts have been made by thorough-going partisans to attribute this new state of things to the fact that the country has had time to review impartially the whole history of the Government. They even think—or affect to think—that something is due to the recollection of our abandonment of Afghanistan, and of our concessions to the Boers. The real causes are, of course, much less remote; and the most important of them is undoubtedly the vigour with which the Government have acted in Egypt. Conservatives may be of opinion that war was rendered inevitable by culpable hesitancy at an earlier stage; but they find few openings for criticism in Mr. Gladstone's policy since he began to act in earnest. As for the Liberals, they are delighted by the proof he has given that the Tories are not the only party capable of upholding the national honour. The condition of Ireland also accounts in some degree for the renewed popularity of the Ministry. Our troubles there are not over yet; but there are, at any rate, signs of improvement. This is explained partly by the good harvest, partly by the exhaustion of the Irish people after a sort of revolutionary paroxysm. The Government, however, get all the credit; and if Ireland is really about to "settle down," we may expect that Mr. Gladstone will be overwhelmed by expressions of gratitude from his English and Scottish adherents. Altogether, the prospect before him is, from his own point of view, very satisfactory; and could he be persuaded to accept a compromise on the question of the Closure, there would be some chance of a period of comparatively calm and useful discussion.

THE EXECUTION OF HYNES.—The Irish people have already added the name of Hynes to the list of their political martyrs. "Died this morning at Limerick" is the expression used of him in the streets of that city, and the death, as it was accompanied outside the prison walls with the lamentations of a prayerful crowd, will long be recalled on the banks of the Shannon by funeral parties bearing torches and vowing vengeance against the Government which slew him. The fact is not unaccountable, nor does it depend upon any tendency of the Irish people to glorify murder for its own sake. They, however, prefer that a man who has committed that crime should escape rather than that the English Government should lay hands on him. And, when he is caught and

hanged, the hatred of the agency which has brought him to justice not only palliates the original crime, but raises the murderer to a position of general esteem. So powerful are Irish sympathies, that the circumstances of the original deed will soon be forgotten; it will only be remembered that the jury who convicted him had a portentous liquor bill on the eve of their decision, and that a patriot who explained it and drew unwarrantable conclusions from the size and variety of it was deprived of his freedom. Yet there can be no doubt that the Lord Lieutenant exercised a larger mercy in refusing to revise Hynes's sentence than he would have done in granting a reprieve. The murder was a cool, cowardly transaction, which robbed an inoffensive herdsman of his life because he served a grazier, who had taken land on the back of an eviction of a previous tenant. Hynes was recognised by the dying man; and abundant proof of the act was found upon him. His execution may be trusted to do much service for the terrorised classes in Ireland who really wish to get through life with moderate security.

ENGLAND AND THE WAR.—In an able speech delivered the other day in Cumberland, Sir Wilfrid Lawson renewed his protest against the expedition in Egypt. He has seldom spoken with so much force, and his eloquence was none the less effective because it was adorned by fewer jokes than usual. Even among his own friends, however, he was able to produce only a very slight impression, and he and those politicians who agree with him on this question must be aware that they are as completely opposed to the national feeling as Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden were at the time of the Crimean War. It is in vain that Sir Wilfrid declaims about "the greatest of British interests," and points to the contrast between the present action of Mr. Gladstone and the glowing perorations of the Midlothian speeches. The vast majority even of the Radical party listen to him impatiently, and turn with fresh interest to the latest telegrams from the East. The truth seems to be that men like Sir Wilfrid Lawson were wholly misled by the results of the last general election as to the permanent tendencies of English opinion. They fancied that the character of the British people had been essentially changed, and that at last we had entered upon a period in which wars of every kind would be condemned by a nation remarkable for its faith alike in righteousness and in trade. In reality the overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry meant no more than that the constituencies thought it was about time for the other side to have a chance. They gave a nominal assent to some high-sounding doctrines about peace and war; but it was obvious enough to cool observers that when these doctrines had served their temporary purpose they would be quickly laid aside and forgotten. No considerable section of Englishmen ever supposed that the enduring interests of the country would be neglected either by a Liberal or by a Tory Government. The mistake of the peace-at-any-price party is that they limit themselves to the statement of general principles, making no attempt to grapple with the question whether our interests were seriously threatened by Arabi's movements or not. As long as the present opinion on that point prevails, the war will continue to be popular, no matter how much electioneering oratory it may seem to contradict.

IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN LABOUR.—On the eve of important strikes it is natural that the advocates of labouring men should be demonstrating what is unfair in the masters' treatment of these events. The greatest injustice, according to Mr. Porter, consists in the introduction from abroad of workmen who take up and finish "jobs" where the men on strike left them. It is true that, as yet, the importation of foreign labour has not gone any great length. German and American masons were not unknown at the New Law Courts. At the present hour, guarded by policemen, German shipwrights are finishing steamships in certain yards; and it is anticipated that a further importation is contemplated when the coal-fields are vacated. On the question of the fairness of bringing in men from other countries to work English industries, there can hardly be any argument. As long as industries are managed on the present relationship of a capitalist taking all the risks and enjoying as much profit as he can get from the condition of the markets, workmen must be content to admit that it is in the capitalist's power to fill his mills, pits, or yards as, on emergency, he best can. Logically that might lead to a few hundred masters filling industrial England with "niggers"; but logic does not determine the question. Practically, however, it may lead to such an introduction of Coolies, without their system of indenture, as would displace a good many thousand of the strikers. As yet, the Coolies have only been available for tropical climates; but, for the sake of earning their little competences, they have shown themselves willing to go through the greatest hardships. With the certainty before them of being better protected by law in England than in any of the warmer settlements to which they are now carried, they would doubtless be quite willing in large numbers to risk the fog and damp. Skilled handcraftsmen would have little to fear; but colliers might have a great deal, for, with the new aid of the electric light, Chinamen would soon get accustomed to subterranean hewing. The Coolie classes might not be a nice addition to industrial centres; they would go to their mining task with ways which have already, on consular authority, been pronounced to be dark. But they would be cheap, and they

would keep work from solutions of continuity. Nor, just at the outset, could strikers expect that they would be excluded from the country by legislation.

FOREIGN ANTI-PATHY TO ENGLAND.—It cannot be truly said that England is at any time a popular nation. The manners of Englishmen in foreign countries are not, as a rule, adapted to conciliate opinion; and our policy is generally believed to be dominated by crass and unblushing selfishness. Rarely has our popularity been at a lower ebb than it is now. A few French journals of the highest class speak well of us; but journals of a lower rank, the writers of which must be supposed to know what will please their readers, continue to upbraid us for all we have done in Egypt, and do not conceal their delight at our difficulties. In Germany there is scarcely one influential newspaper favourable to England; and, if the Italians are rather less spiteful than they were, the reason seems to be that they have begun to be tired of the monotony of incessant abuse. Fortunately there is not much chance of all this ill-will leading to any practical result. Perhaps foreign Governments understand us better than foreign populations; but, at any rate, we are safe from anything more serious than verbal attacks while the maintenance of peace continues to be as necessary for our rivals as it is under existing conditions. A good many Englishmen would like to believe that foreign critics are animated chiefly by envy; but it is hard to see why we should be envied for carrying on a costly war which, although just and inevitable, cannot add much to the national glory. It is more likely that the honesty of our aims and motives is vehemently suspected. We have never pretended to be fighting for an idea, or for the benefit of the rest of mankind; but England has pledged herself to seek for no exclusive advantages in Egypt. The reassertion of this pledge by our leading statesmen in stronger terms than those hitherto used would probably only excite fresh distrust. We must, therefore, be content to wait until our sincerity is proved by the only evidence which will be accepted—the evidence of accomplished facts.

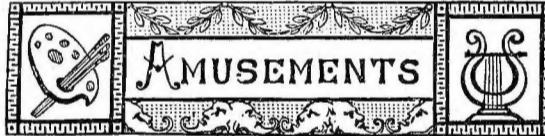
SOCIAL ANARCHISTS.—The movements of the French Socialists have been varied during the week by the resolution to erect a statue to Quinet. He is to be represented leaning up on his death-bed writing on the wall, "Ni Dieu, Ni Maître." There is something in the nature of a bull in a man scratching such a line just when Death was mastering him; but it seems to the French Socialists to summarise the teaching of him to whom they are about to do honour. So far as Quinet is concerned, though he died at Versailles only a few years ago, the incident has not been authenticated; but the character of his career may seem to justify the legend. It is, however, forgotten that, ardent revolutionist as he was, there was a definite connection between his teaching and the constructive theories of men like St. Simon. He had studied history and the philosophy of history with the greatest ardour and success; and, though he placed himself in the front rank of the opponents of Monarchy and Christianity, he understood the continuity of the race too well to suppose that society, if it were suddenly tossed up from below, would begin again at Utopia. Some of his most characteristic utterances are made in exhortation of the tactics of the revolutionists who attempted to apply his principles through blood. The acceptance of the legend by the French Socialists shows with what quick steps they are going back to the theories and practice of '93. Reconstruction of institutions, by slow experiment, has lost all its fascination for them. They find nothing in it. If the world is to be "hurried up" they think it is better to have one great period of demolition, after which scramble there is likely to be a better division of chances. At Lyons, it is to be noted that there have been extensive riots among the miners. The credit of these was rashly claimed for the Bonapartists, but the Socialists have corrected the mistake at an indignation meeting. The broken heads were distributed purely in furtherance of the Social Revolution, and in contempt of the magistracy, the army, and the middle classes.

NIHILISM AND THE CZAR.—The Czar has once more ventured to show himself among his people, and he may be congratulated by all who wish well to him and to his country on this sign of returning courage. It would be unfair to condemn severely the seclusion in which he has lived since his accession; for no one who has not been tried can tell what may be the paralysis of will produced by an incessant dread of a sudden and violent death. People generally, however, do not find it easy to "put themselves in his place," and there can be no doubt that he has exposed himself to much contempt by shrinking even from such enemies as those who killed his father. It may be hoped that his renewed appearance in public is an indication of the subsidence of revolutionary excitement; but that his life may be henceforth regarded as safe is exceedingly improbable. The Nihilists are often said to be a small party, and this is perhaps true of those Nihilists who believe principally in the logic of dynamite. But there are Nihilists and Nihilists, and it has by no means been proved that profound discontent with the existing state of things in Russia is limited to an insignificant class. The Russian system of Government is admitted on all sides to be thoroughly corrupt, and even the ignorant peasantry are beginning to ask whether there can be any unalterable law in the order of the world compelling them to submit for ever to a harsh

and reckless tyranny. It is this prevalent sense of injustice which makes the revolutionary Nihilists strong; and the Czar will never escape from personal risk until he succeeds in removing popular grievances. He himself would probably be as willing as the late Czar to establish a better social condition; but it is the curse of every despotic ruler to be at the head of a vast body of officials whose interests are in no respect identical with his own.

CRUELTY AT SEA.—The Secretary of the Board of Trade is taking up Mr. Plimsoll's work. He had previously offended the seamen, who, from the nature of their employment, cannot belong to political organisations, by his manner of receiving their wage deputations. Some of the lost popularity will, perhaps, come back during the labours of the Committee which he has appointed to inquire into the relations of owners and masters to their crews. In the first instance, the investigation will be confined to crews who work at fishing-grounds on the coast—persons who, from the nature of their employment, may belong, if they like, to political organisations. It is to be anticipated that much rough usage will be brought to light, as, indeed, has been shown already at the trial of the Hull smacksman who beat a boy to death. That some restraint can be placed upon the skippers who sail into the North Sea is certain. The most aggravated old salt will refrain from using the heel of his sea-boot as an instrument of education if he realise from the recent experience of his class that it may lead to the dislocation of his own neck. But the suppression of cruelty by Special Committee is not unlikely to be accompanied by some disadvantages, as have Mr. Plimsoll's labours for crews who go further out. It is certain that since his long agitation ended in a load-line and a disc English crews have become much more difficult to control. They have developed a sensitiveness to danger which their predecessors never knew, and not only are ships abandoned more readily in the open sea, but they are more often delayed till grievances are heard in local Courts. Smacksman, who are regularly in communication with the shore, have readier access to Courts of Justice, and the chief amendment in the condition of crews can only be to bring them into easier connection with such. At present ill-used apprentices can generally cure or modify their own grievances. They can run away to the mercantile marine.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the NUMBER of SKETCHES which we are receiving from OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS and from OFFICERS at the SEAT of WAR in EGYPT, a SUPPLEMENT, consisting of FOUR EXTRA PAGES OF ENGRAVINGS, is ISSUED WITH THIS NUMBER.—The Half-Sheet this week, although delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 276 and 285.



LYCEUM.—ROMEO AND JULIET, THIS EVENING at 7 at a Quarter to Eight. 143rd Performance. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling. Box Office, Mr. Hurst. Open Daily, 10 to 5.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING at 7 (Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday excepted). EAST LYNNE. Mesdames Ruby Drayton, Howe, Eversleigh, Newham; Messrs. Auguste Cremer, Drayton, Steadman, Bigwood, Forsyth, Hodges. INCIDENTALS. Professor Peter Johnson and Daughters, in their Wonderful Aquatic Entertainment, Devon, Llandaff, and Payne. Concluding (Wednesday and Saturday excepted) with KATHLEEN MAYOURNEEN.—Wednesday, Benefit of Messrs. Jacobs and Clark.—Friday, OTHELLO.—Saturday, THE SHAUGRAUN and IDLE JACK.

BRIGHTON THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. NYE CHART.—On MONDAY, September 18, for Six Nights Only, MR. ANSON'S COMPANY IN A WISE CHILD and PLUTO.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS.—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS.—115, STRAND.—NOW ON VIEW. "Besieged," Painted by F. Holl, Etched by Waltney, "What are the Wild Waves Saying," Painted by C. W. Nicholls, Engraved by G. H. Every. All the Modern Publications On View.

BY ROYAL COMMAND.—Rosa Bonheur's Wonderful Picture, "THE LION AT HOME," was exhibited to Her Majesty the Queen.

BY EXPRESS DESIRE.—Rosa Bonheur's Superb Painting was exhibited to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.—"The Lion at Home" will remain on VIEW for a few days longer at the CITY OF LONDON FINE ART GALLERY, GLADWELL BROTHERS, 20 and 21, Gracechurch Street, E.C. Admission One Shilling. 10 to 6. Saturdays, 10 to 4.

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"THE GRAPHIC" IN PARIS.—Can be obtained at THE GRAPHIC Office, where all information respecting Subscriptions and Advertisements will be given.

15, RUE BLEUE, PARIS.

BRIGHTON.—The NEW PULLMAN LIMITED EXPRESS, Lighted by Electricity, and fitted with the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, now runs between Victoria and Brighton.

From VICTORIA, Weekdays, at 10.0 a.m., and 3.50 p.m.

This New Train, specially constructed and elegantly fitted up by the Pullman Car Company, consists of four Cars, each over 58 feet in length.

The Car "Beatrice" (Drawing-Room) contains also Ladies' Boudoir and Dressing Room.

The Car "Louise" (Parlour) contains also a separate apartment for a private party.

The Car "Victoria" contains a Buffet for Tea, Coffee, and other Light Refreshments, also a Newspaper Counter.

The Car "Maud" is appropriated for Smoking.

The whole Train is lighted by Electricity, the system being that of Edison's incandescent Lamps in connection with Faure's system of Accumulators.

Lavatories are provided in each Car, and separate compartment for Servants is also provided in one of the Cars.

The Staff attached to this Train consist of a Chief Conductor, Assistant Conductor, a Page Boy, and two Guards.

There is Electrical communication between the several Cars and the Conductors; a passenger travelling in any one of the Cars can therefore call the attention of the Conductor by pressing one of the small Electric discs.

There is a covered gangway communication between each Car, thereby enabling the Conductors to pass from Car to Car.

The Staff attached to this Train consist of a Chief Conductor, Assistant Conductor, a Page Boy, and two Guards.

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There is a covered gangway communication between each Car, thereby enabling the Conductors to pass from Car to Car.

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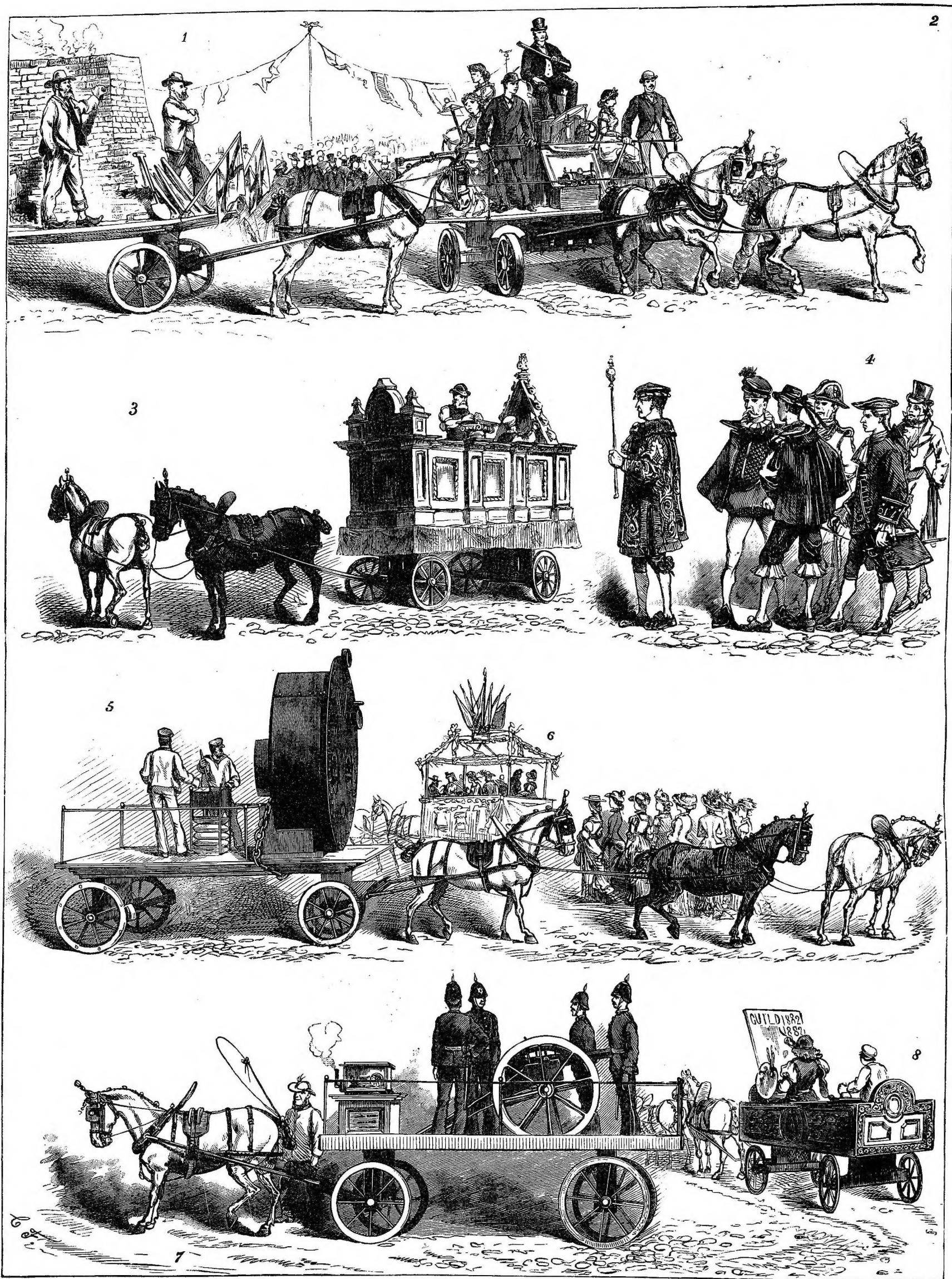
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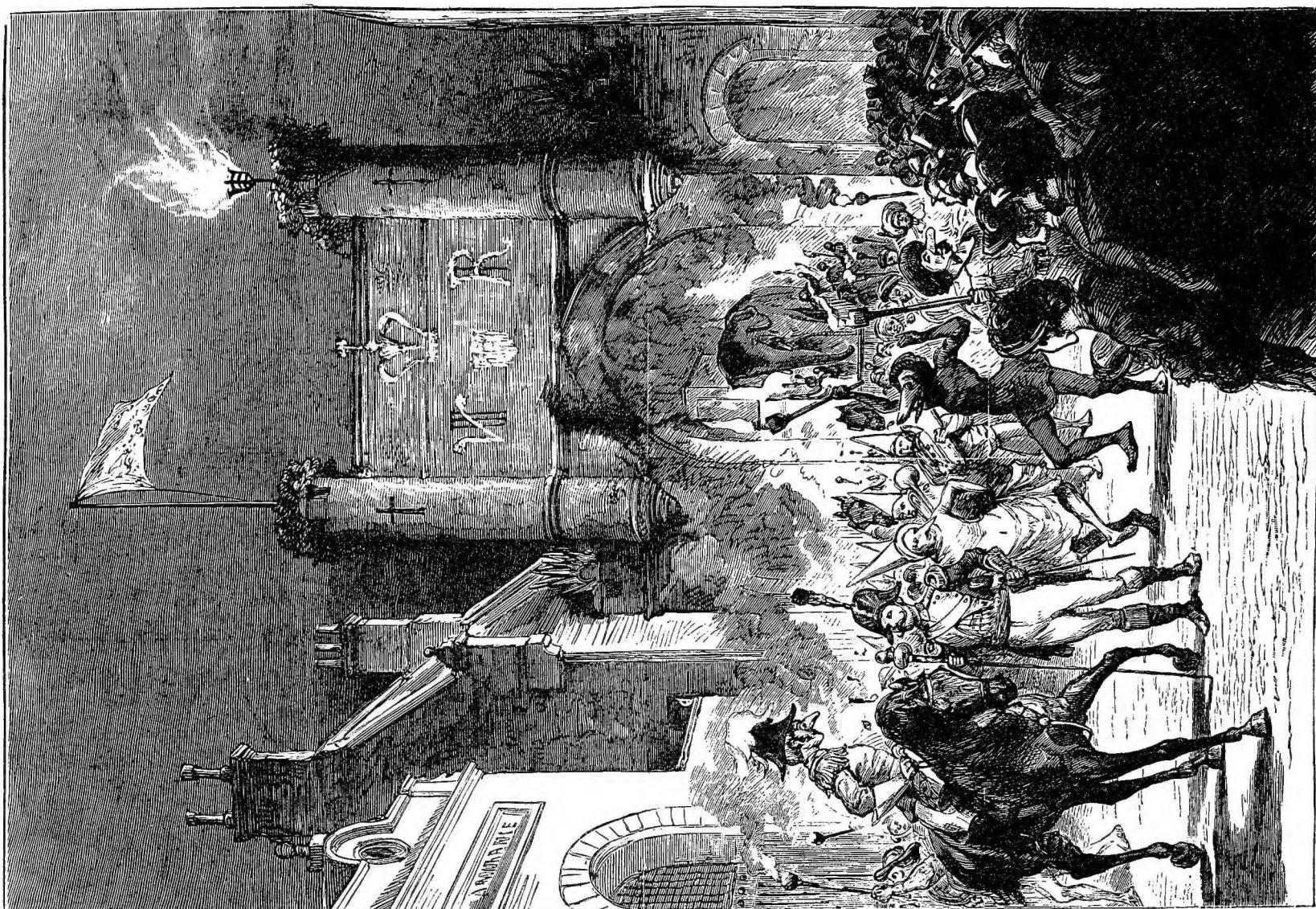
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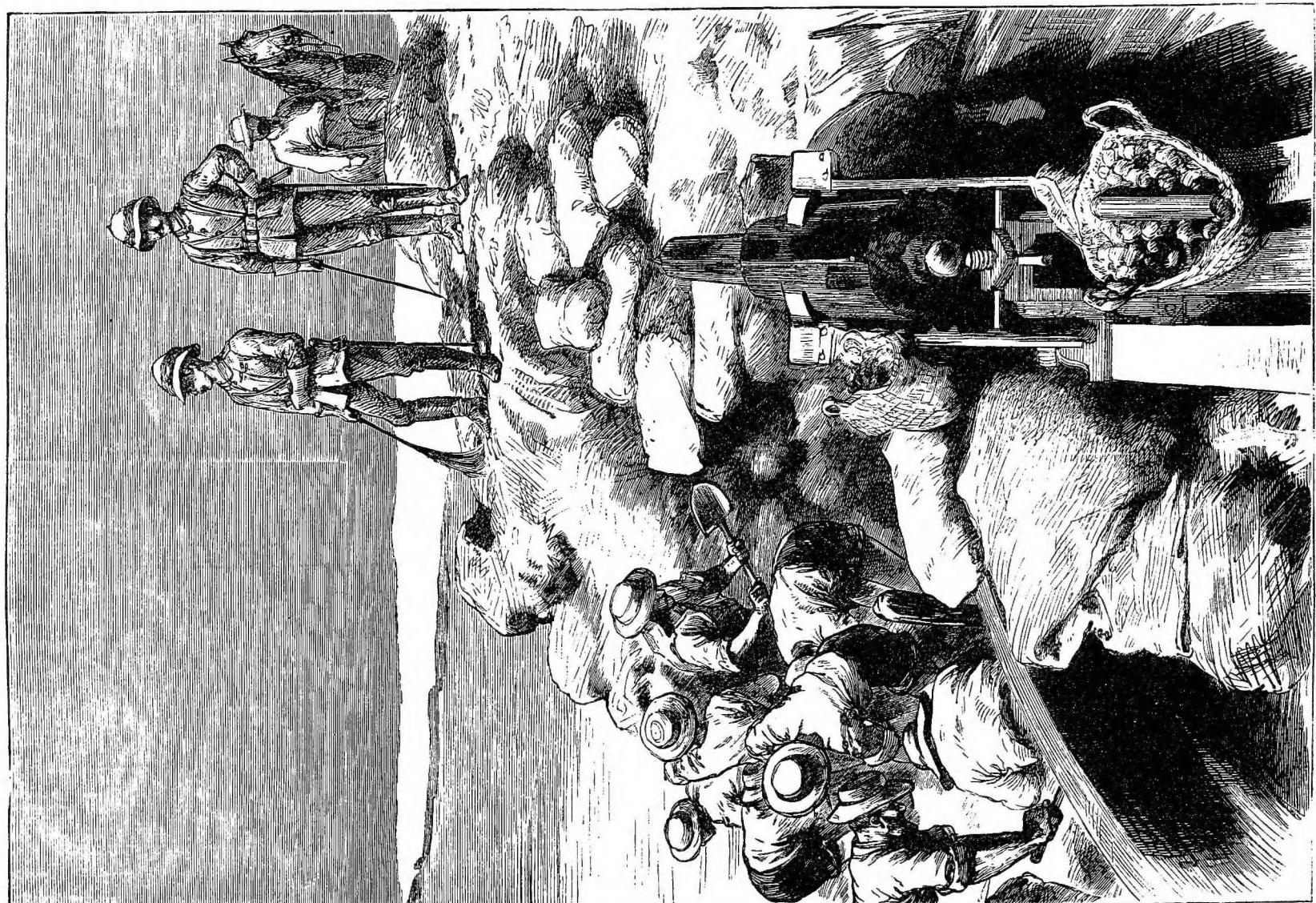
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1. The Brickmakers.—2. The Engineers.—3. The Plasterers.—4. The Tailors.—5. The Boiler-Makers.—6. The Baby Linen Trade.—7. The Whitworth Gun and Stephenson's First Engine.—8. The Painters and House Decorators.



THE PRESTON GUILD FESTIVAL — THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION PASSING COUNTY BUILDINGS



THE WAR IN EGYPT — SIR GARNET WOLSELEY AND THE DUKE OF TECK WATCHING THE DEMOLITION OF ONE OF ARABI'S DAMS ON THE SWEET WATER CANAL

From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers

horses during the trip are said to have been exceedingly faulty. Out of the 13th Bengal Cavalry alone no less than forty horses were utterly disabled. Some, states the correspondent of a contemporary, died of suffocation, being asphyxiated as they stood in their airless quarters, while others tumbled against each other owing to the rolling of the ship, and bit and kicked out of sheer terror.

THE MOUNTED INFANTRY AT MAHSAMEH

At the close of the battle of Mahuta, which we illustrated and described last week, the cavalry brigade, under Colonel Drury Lowe, were ordered to turn the enemy's flank at Mahsameh Station. This they did with complete success, capturing their camp and seventy-five railway carriages laden with ammunition. "First," writes *The Times* correspondent, "rode the Mounted Infantry, among whom was that energetic officer Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, V.C. . . . A heavy fire opened from Mahsameh camp. A number of troopers were knocked over. Our guns replied and fired on the trains waiting to carry off the Egyptians, but missed, and after a short time the Mounted Infantry, under Captain Pigott, closely supported by the Household Cavalry, under Colonel Ewart, charged into the village. The enemy dashed into the lake and swam for it, plied, as they dived and floundered, by our rifle bullets. In the station were found quantities of Remington rifles, ammunition, and other stores, besides seven guns, numerous tents, and railway waggons."

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY AND THE DUKE OF TECK AT MAHUTA

ONE of Arabi Pasha's chief methods of impeding the progress of the British troops is the damming of the fresh or Sweet Water Canal, which runs from Cairo to Ismailia, and which not only forms a highway for lighters and launches, but also furnishes the main water-supply to our soldiers. Thus throughout his retirement he has continually dammed the Canal, and as our troops have advanced they have demolished these obstructions. Unfortunately before the victory of Tel-el-Kebir he had succeeded in damming the water at a point considerably beyond our lines, so that the flow of water had been completely checked, and comparatively little remained in the Canal—that little being terribly polluted by the dead bodies of men and animals. Now, however, that the road to Zagazig has been secured, the upper dams can be cut, and the usual flow of water restored. Our artist has depicted Sir Garnet Wolseley and the Duke of Teck superintending the cutting of a dam at Mahuta, one of the objects of the engagement in that district on August 25th.

THE CHARGE AT KASSASSIN, AUGUST 28TH

THIS spirited cavalry charge will undoubtedly be remembered as one of the chief actions of the present campaign. Throughout the day of the 28th ult. General Graham, who commanded the advanced guard at Kassassin Lock, had experienced harassing attacks from the enemy, the Egyptians evidently hoping to swamp his little force by numbers and occupy the position. At about four in the afternoon the enemy appeared in full strength—some 8,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and 12 guns. Although General Graham had only 1,875 men and four guns, three of which only had twenty-five rounds each, he at once took measures for a vigorous defence. The enemy poured in a heavy shell fire upon our troops, who nevertheless stood their ground staunchly, each man, writes *The Times* correspondent, knowing that all reserve ammunition had been withheld, taking careful aim before expending a cartridge. The Marine Artillery Battalion was also moved forward to take the enemy in the flank, a manœuvre exercised with great skill by Colonel Tuson. Meanwhile General Graham had sent to the rear for some cavalry, and a detachment of the Household Brigade and the 7th Dragoon Guards, under General Drury Lowe, was at once despatched from Mahsameh, together with four guns of the Royal Horse Artillery and a body of Marines. On their arrival on the left of the force the infantry were ordered to retire, and the battery of artillery, being galloped to the front and unlimbered under fire, played terrible havoc in the ranks of the enemy. Suddenly the guns ceased firing, the order was given to charge, and in the moonlight, for it was now evening, our heavy cavalry, led by Colonel Ewart, thundered upon the foe. The dense line of riflemen is stated by *The Times* to have been "broken like a sheet of glass; and Arabi's troops were hurled backwards to the earth by shock of horse and dint of heavy blade, and for some distance the excited troopers, who lately were sitting so serenely at Whitehall, chased the crowd of shrieking fugitives, cutting them down right and left." Sir Baker Russell, who was with the dragoons in the charge, had his horse killed under him, but procuring another once again joined in the fray. Nine guns were captured, but the nature of the ground prevented the troops from taking them into camp, and they were carried away by the enemy during the night. The British loss was two officers and nine men killed, and about eighty wounded. For two acres, states one of the correspondents, the ground was thickly strewn with dead, and he estimates the loss of the enemy in killed and wounded at four hundred. At the same time that this cavalry charge was being made General Graham, whose infantry had been reinforced by the Marines, ordered a general advance, and the enemy rapidly fell back completely routed. The two double-page engravings are from sketches by our special artist, Mr. F. Villiers, who, though not present at the charge himself, was supplied with the necessary notes and sketches by an officer who took part in the engagement. An idea of the hardships of correspondents at the front may be gathered by the following excerpt from our artist's letter: "I was three nights sleeping in the sand without a blanket to keep off dew. Hard biscuit, with an occasional hunk of tinned mutton, formed my fare, and I had to drink water that a Londoner would not wash his dog in, so thick and filthy—actually drinking it knowing that we were dredging the Canal for five dead Arabs, our sole consolation being that they had only been killed the day before, and could not yet be rotten. Riding and sketching in the sun all day, kept awake at night by thousands of mosquitoes, more dead than alive I rode into Ismailia to post off sketches—only to find the Suez Canal blocked and the mail delayed two days."

THE MULE BATTERY

"THIS mule battery of six guns," writes our special artist, "has been brought from the north-west frontier of India. Each gun separates into two pieces. The breech is carried by one mule, the muzzle by another, the carriage by a third, the wheels by a fourth, the axle by a fifth, while six others bear the ammunition. The gun is mounted with the greatest rapidity, and carries a considerable distance with extreme accuracy. It is calculated to be of admirable service in the campaign."

BRINGING HOME THE SICK AND WOUNDED

"THIS scene," writes a naval officer, "shows the starboard side of the main deck of H.M.S. *Euphrates*, with sick and wounded, homeward bound from Ismailia and Alexandria. The cots in which bad cases lie are slung from the beams overhead, so that the motion of the vessel may not inconvenience them. It is sad to see so many fine fellows knocked over only a few weeks after leaving England. A good many of them are down with sunstroke."

"KIT—A MEMORY"

MR. PAYN'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 277.

WITH THE ROYAL SUSSEX AT CYPRUS

THE First Battalion of the Royal Sussex Regiment (formerly the 35th Foot) has been stationed since October, 1880, at Polemedea Camp, Cyprus, and we have received some sketches descriptive of camp scenes and country life from Lord Beaconsfield's "place of arms." The camp is situated on a slope 300 feet above sea level, and about three miles from the town of Limassol. The camp is composed of wooden huts, which freely admit the wind and rain through the cracks in the boarding, though the occupants do all they can to make them weather-tight by pasting paper over the crevices. Most of the huts are covered with tarred felt, and to the men who occupy them waterproof sheets are served out to cover their beds when it rains. The hospital huts in the camp are alone built of stone. In the hot summer months the camp is moved to Mount Troodos, 200 feet higher up. Notwithstanding the excessive heat the climate is remarkably healthy; the regiment not having lost a single man from climatic causes during its stay on the island. Of our engravings on page 280, No. 1 represents a body of convicts being escorted back to gaol by zaptiehs, after their day's work. The new harbour at Limassol is being built principally by convict labour; and the free and easy way in which the convicts jog along with their guards, all talking and laughing together, is in startling contrast to the silence and watchfulness observed at Portland and the other English convict stations. No. 2 shows what follows an alarm of fire in camp. Every man has a station assigned to him beforehand, so that when the alarm is raised there is no confusion. Some run with moveable screens, which are pulled up round the hut which is supposed to be on fire, others work the fire-engine, while others bring buckets, cans, mops, or anything else that may be of use in putting out the conflagration. Chapel and school accommodation in camp was very limited. The hut set apart for these purposes, being built for only twelve men, was found too small, so one end was taken out and a tent spliced on to increase the accommodation, as shown in No. 3. When the Greeks go to market three persons not unfrequently ride upon the same mule; a man in front, and two women beside him. Such a family party is shown in No. 4. Field firing was practised in Cyprus for the first time at the Salt Lake. A line of shelter trenches seventy yards long, and flanked by two forts, was erected by a fatigue party under the superintendence of the musketry inspector. On the top of the shelter trench small hoops of wire covered with canvas, and painted black, were placed to represent a body of troops entrenched. The forts were garrisoned by dummies constructed of old suits of military clothing stuffed with straw, and their heads made of paper bags. A group of these gallant fellows is shown in No. 5. Two dummy guns were placed in each fort. The next day the regiment marched six miles from the camp to the Salt Lake, and took up a position a thousand yards from the entrenchments. The position of the assailants is shown in No. 7. Each man received twenty rounds of ball cartridge, and after a short halt the attack commenced by scouts being thrown out to feel the way for the main body, which advanced in order of attack. The scouts soon opened fire, and the fighting line advanced by rushes from 800 up to 200 yards, the supports following up on the flanks, and firing volleys. As each man exhausted his ammunition he was ordered to lie down, and was considered out of action. Finally the men were led up to the entrenchments to see the result of their fire. To arrive at the effect of their firing the dummies were checked at each range—viz., 800, 600, 400, and 200 yards. Our last sketch, No. 6, shows the rough-and-ready method of dealing with Tommy Atkins when drunk. If noisy after drinking the country liquor he is taken down the gully, where he is tied to a tree. A bucket of cold water dashed in his face usually restores him effectually to partial sobriety.—Our engravings are from sketches by Colour-Sergeant T. Norman, of the 1st Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment.

A SOUTH AFRICAN AGRICULTURAL SHOW

ON the 29th and 30th of March last an exhibition, which reflected much credit on the local Agricultural Association, took place at Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony. The show was pronounced to be the most successful exhibition which has yet taken place in the colony, and the attendance was large. Conspicuous amongst the exhibits was a Cape cart, somewhat similar in make to that recently exported for the Prince of Wales by the Royal Princess from Cape Town. The display of imported stock was meagre but of good quality, one of the principal animals being a short-horned bull, named "Mainstay," recently sent to South Africa. "Mainstay" had only been in the colony a few weeks, and the judges at the Show stated that he was the best bull of his class ever imported. He came from the North of Scotland. Another noteworthy animal shown was a handsome white donkey, just imported from Zanzibar, standing 13½ hands high. The wool section was important, but in many instances there was an elasticity in staple. The mohair shown was in one or two instances deficient in lustre and quality, owing to its having been allowed to run too long. The show of ostriches was poor. The total value of prizes offered by the Port Elizabeth Agricultural Society was 1,400/.—Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. R. Harris, of Donking Street, Port Elizabeth.

LIFE AND CHARACTER IN WESTERN SIBERIA

THE nomadic tribes of Western Siberia have been plentifully made known to us of late by Arctic explorers. Thus the strange customs and childish good-nature of the Tchukchis are recorded by Professor Nordenkjöld; while now Lieutenant Danenhower and his fellow survivors of the unhappy *Jeannette* Expedition depict—as in our sketches—the Jakuts, through whose territory they came safely back to civilisation at Jakutsk, while their less fortunate companions perished in the delta of the Lena. Though probably a welcome type of civilised life to the worn-out explorers, the city of the Jakuts is not a very imposing town. Capital of the territory and important centre of trade as it is, Jakutsk consists chiefly of one-storied wooden buildings, and, as our illustration shows, even the Governor's house is a very modest edifice. Moreover, the necessities of life are scanty, for a recent visitor complains that he could only get brick tea and tobacco.

Once a year, at the June fair, Jakutsk wakes up to life, when the native tribes crowd into the capital to dispose of their furs, cattle, &c., to dealers from all parts of Russia. The Jakuts proper are among the most kindly and intelligent of the Siberian races. Of Tartar origin, they still retain many of the Mongolian characteristics. Thus they have flat faces and wide noses, black glossy hair, and sallow complexions, and are somewhat short of stature, though sturdy built. Their teeth are magnificent, even in old age, this being due partly to the absence of sugar, which they cannot afford to buy, and partly to the constant consumption of sour fermented milk, which acts as a preservative. This milk is frozen into huge blocks for winter use. Hunting is their chief occupation; but they also rear large herds of cattle, which are regarded as the main evidence of wealth.

Although inhabiting one of the coldest regions of Siberia, the Jakuts are both active and industrious, and will pick up a trade with remarkable facility, while their work is exquisitely finished. Peaceful towards their neighbours, their family life is equally happy, special reverence being paid to parents; while the women—many of whom are really pretty—make exemplary wives. Moreover, the Jakuts are unusually honest, and any one convicted of theft never regains his character, can neither hold office in the tribe, nor give an opinion. Though nominally professing the Russian faith, many of the Jakuts practise the idolatrous religion of Shamanism,

like most of the Arctic tribes. The Bashkeers are more civilised, and belong to the Finns. They rear horses and bees, and furnish bodies of cavalry to the Russian Army. Our engravings of the girl and of the young man from St. Michael's, and of the woman from Cape Stevens, are from sketches by Mr. Raymond Newcomb, naturalist to the *Jeannette* Expedition; while the remainder are from photographs furnished by Lieutenant Danenhower.

A NORWEGIAN FISHING-BOAT

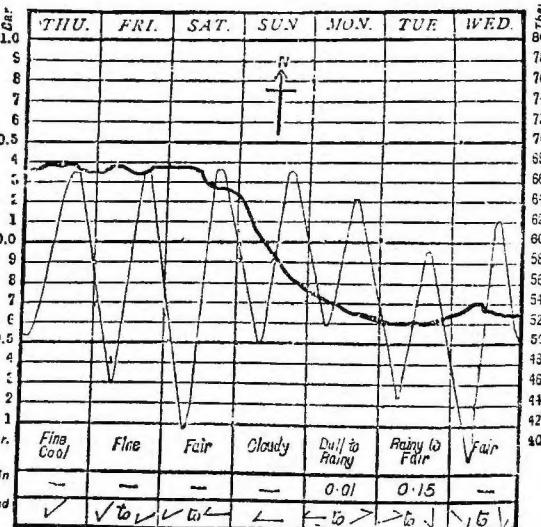
THE hardy Norsemen of old have certainly bequeathed their love of the sea to their descendants, though the modern Norwegian seeks only to gather the finny harvest of the ocean, instead of indulging in predatory expeditions. Still the old spirit of daring and courage is yet alive in the fishermen, while to manage a boat is the earliest ambition of every tiny lad and lass along the coast. Women take their share in the fishing, and are ready to row the traveller across fiords and lakes, while the lads inland prefer a rough sea-faring life to the milder labour of the farm. Rude and apparently unsafe as many of the boats are, the Norwegians manage their crazy craft with rare skill, and how successfully they pursue their calling may be seen by the crowded fish market of quaint old Bergen, one of the most picturesque scenes of Norwegian life. To be seen to advantage the fishermen must not be sought at home, where rotting and drying fish are unpleasant surroundings, but, as in our picture, cutting through the waves under a smart breeze. Our drawing is from a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company of the original picture by Hans Dahl.

THE DUBLIN POLICE STRIKE

THOUGH, according to the most recent news, the agitation among the Dublin police is not yet abandoned, the strike in its active phase is entirely at an end. While it lasted its consequences were serious enough. It will be remembered that the strike of the Dublin Police was part of the larger movement carried on by the Royal Irish Constabulary. The Constabulary of late years have had to execute new and very trying duties, and they wanted special monetary recognition of those services. So did the Dublin police, who have also had to perform irksome and unpopular duties. Doubtless there is much to be urged on behalf of the Dublin police. Bodies of men seldom become dissatisfied and restless without good cause, and the Lord Lieutenant's theory that "designing men" had been intriguing in the ranks is not in itself sufficient to account for the general discontent existing in the force. But the Dublin force put themselves distinctly in the wrong from the first. They held a meeting in defiance of the authorities, and though warned that attendance at it would involve dismissal. Then when some were dismissed the rest struck work to show their sympathy with those discharged. Their conduct was grossly disloyal; disloyal not only to the actual constitutional authorities, but to that ideal of the community which it is every citizen's duty to hold sacred. Their abandonment of work left Dublin on September 2 at the mercy of the mob, who were by no means slow to avail themselves of the opportunity. Despite the presence of numerous special constables, chiefly Orangemen, disorder reigned supreme for several hours. Stonethrowing, charges up and down the streets, robbery, assaults upon women—all the usual diversions of the town rough were freely engaged in. At last a rather dangerous spirit took possession of the soldiers, who charged the mob with fixed bayonets, pursuing them into the by-streets, and wounding several. The following night Dublin was quiet, and the agitation suddenly subsided. The men presented an apologetic address to the Lord Lieutenant, their cases were examined one by one, and those who were thought least guilty were reinstated by his Excellency. Our engravings represent incidents of the strike. No. 1 represents a rough who has dressed himself with a little mock authority by donning a battered helmet, and assuming the swagger of the licensed guardians of order. In sketch No. 2 the Lord Lieutenant is represented addressing the special constables from the Castle steps on Saturday, September 2. No. 3 shows Sackville Street during the height of the riot on Saturday evening. No. 4 shows the soldiers taking possession of the Store Street Police Station when it was left vacant by the desertion of the constables; and No. 5 some mob orators being dislodged at the point of the bayonet.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

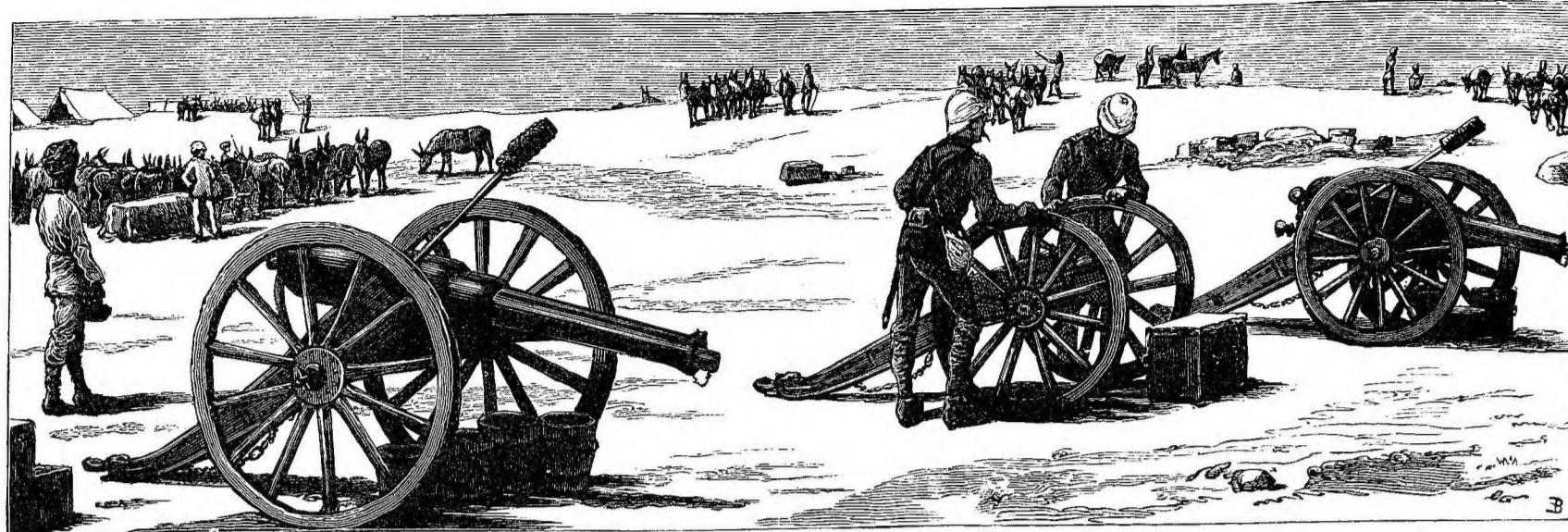
FROM SEPTEMBER 7 TO SEPTEMBER 13 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

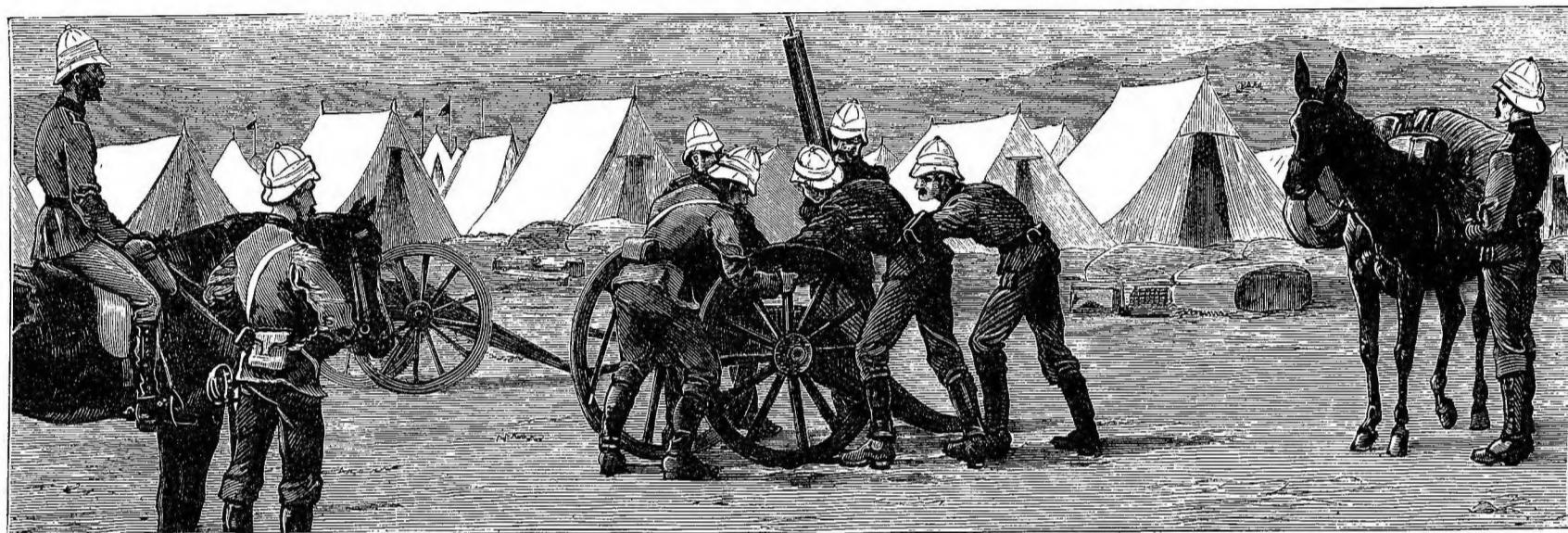
REMARKS.—The weather during this period has been, taking the country generally, fine and dry, but with some very cold nights and ungentle days. Over our south-eastern counties, however, we have had less settled weather than has been enjoyed in other districts, Monday and Tuesday (11th and 12th inst.) having been both of them dull and gloomy, with a decided, though not heavy, fall of cold rain. The fall of the barometer (shown in the diagram) between Saturday (9th inst.) and Monday (11th inst.) was singularly large for the small amount of wind and rain which we experienced, but the change was too general for the gradients to become steep at any time. The barometer was highest (30.49 inches) on Thursday (7th inst.); lowest (29.61 inches) on Tuesday (12th inst.); range, 0.88 inches. Temperature was highest (67°) during the afternoons of Thursday (7th inst.) to Sunday (10th inst.); lowest (59°) on Wednesday (13th inst.); range, 8°. Rain fell on two days. Total amount, 0.16 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.15 inches, on Tuesday (12th inst.).

AN IMPORTANT FIRST ASCENT IN THE MONT BLANC RANGE—the Dent du Géant—has been made by an Englishman, Mr. Graham, who climbed the loftier of the two peaks of the Géant, while an Italian party first ascended the lower point. Mr. Graham found the fork between the two peaks so narrow that he could not stand upright on the ridge, while he could only reach the top by scaling a huge slab of smooth rock. The summit of the Dent resembles the apex of a gigantic pillar.



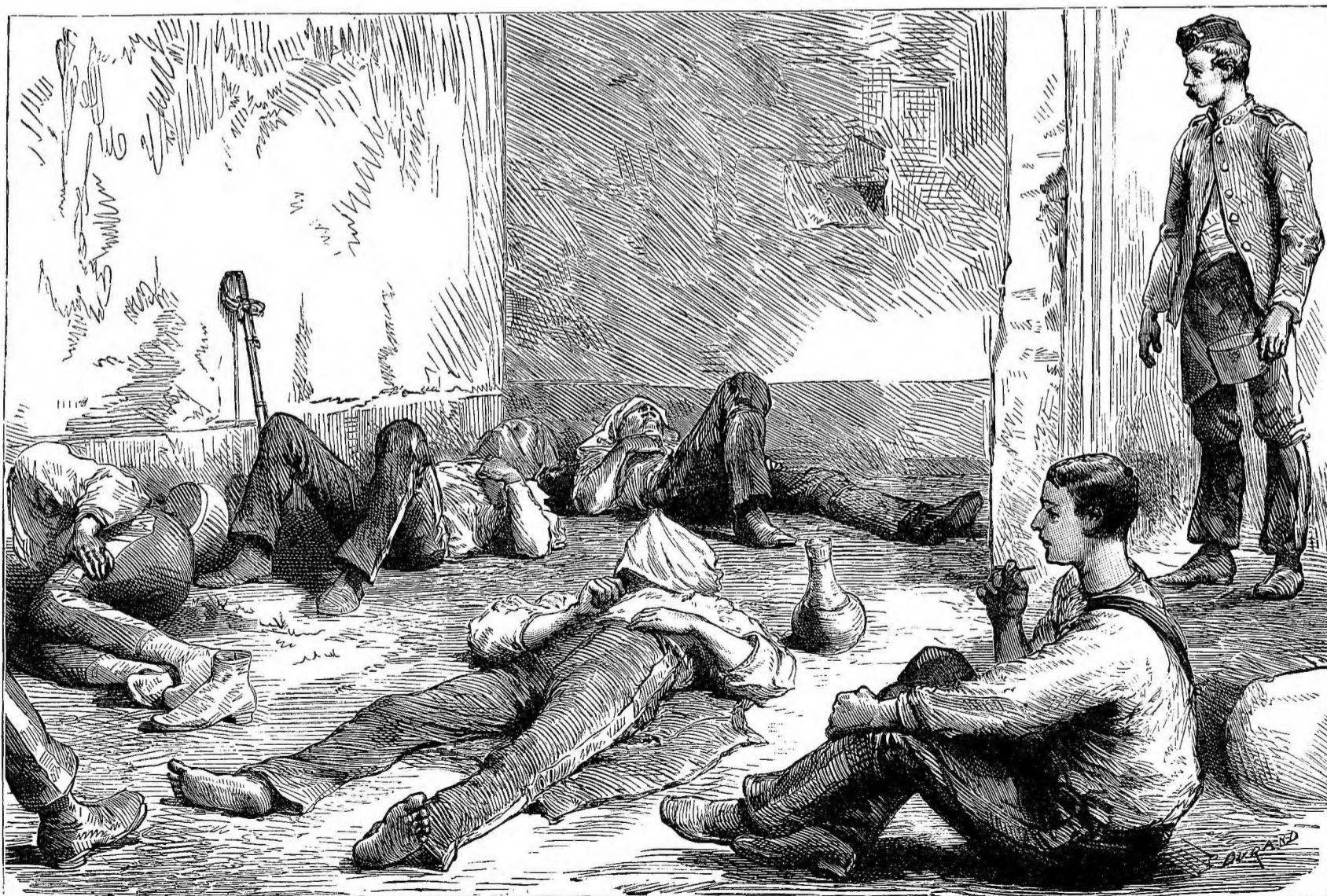
MULE BATTERY—OUTPOSTS CAMP, SUEZ, AUG. 23

From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson



MULE BATTERY, ISMAILIA—PUTTING THE GUNS TOGETHER, AUG. 28

From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson



THE GRENADIER GUARDS AT THE FRONT—A SIESTA OF THE OFFICERS

From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers

SILVER GROUP PRESENTED TO THE MARQUIS OF LORNE

THIS piece of plate, which represents a hunting scene on the North-Western prairies of Canada, was recently presented to the Marquis of Lorne as a memento of his trip to the North-West by the Hon. J. Schultz, M.P., on behalf of his constituency, the county of Lisgar, Manitoba. The inscription is as follows:—"Presented to His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., G.C.M.G., by John Schultz, M.P., for his constituents in the county of Lisgar, Manitoba, and himself, as a memento of the visit of His Excellency to that county in 1881, and in grateful acknowledgment of the valuable services that he has rendered to the North-West, by his extended tour from Lake Superior to the Rocky Mountains, and by his eloquent speeches and writings, which have been the result of his careful and painstaking personal observation."

The large size of the group may be gathered from the fact that this inscription extended round the base in a single line of capital letters. In presenting the group Mr. Schultz read an address dwelling upon the advantages which had accrued to the fertile districts lying westward and northward of the Red River "through your Excellency's personal knowledge of the resources of that vast and yet undeveloped territory, and the kindly interest that you have expressed in your writings and public addresses in its future prosperity." To this Lord Lorne made a suitable reply, declaring that if any benefit accrued from his visit it was through the work of his friends who accompanied him on the trip, it being "entirely owing to their indefatigable exertions that the British public became aware for the first time of the resources of Manitoba, and of the country to the west of it. I think it was for the first time understood at home what a great opening there was in Manitoba and the West for British capital." Lord Lorne concluded by declaring that "whether in or out of office I shall always be at the command of Canada."



THE TEMPERANCE CRUSADE has again been the most noteworthy of the social movements of the week. The "Ten Days' Mission" at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, conducted by Mr. R. T. Booth, of the Blue Ribbon Army, came to a close last Tuesday. From first to last 23,447 blue ribbons were given away, and 12,002 converts took the pledge. Similar meetings have been announced at Holloway, Penge, and other districts in the metropolis, and at Salisbury and Guildford in the provinces; and in Wales the ninth annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars has been held at Mold, and attended by delegates from all parts of the Principality. At the meeting in honour of the Sunday Closing Act, on Tuesday, Mr. J. Roberts, M.P. for the Flint Boroughs, took occasion to declare that there was never a House of Commons or a Government more "conscious of the great evils of drunkenness, and more willing to adopt all reasonable means for reducing them." He thought, however, that teetotalers must be prepared to accept some compromise; such an Act as Lord Aberdare proposed to pass ten years ago would form "a reasonable basis for the licensing system." On the other hand, the opponents of teetotalism have not been slow to manifest their discontent. At Guildford it has been thought necessary to issue a proclamation calling on the inhabitants to assist in keeping the peace in the event of any attack on the Blue Ribbon Army; and at Swansea (where the Sunday Closing Act for Wales has just come into force) there was much murmuring among some thousand excursionists who had come to spend a few hours by the sea, and found every hotel and place of refreshment closed.—Mr. Fawcett, M.P., has declined to take the chair at a temperance demonstration in Shoreditch, on the ground that he cannot support either "local option" or "Sunday closing."

WE HAVE TREATED fully of the Preston Guild Festival in another column, but we may mention that on Friday the temperance societies held their show, and there were presentations of an illuminated address to Joseph Livesey, the father of English teetotalism, and of a new "Guild Chair" to the Mayor. And on Saturday the Guild Court, which had been adjourned from day to day throughout the week, was finally closed for another twenty years, when a new Guild Merchant Court will be duly proclaimed. Some 400,000 sightseers visited Preston during the week, 175,000 of whom arrived on Wednesday.

THE ASSOCIATED LIBRARIANS concluded their interesting Congress on Friday last, when a proposal of the recently-appointed librarian of the Bodleian, that they should pass a resolution "expressing approval of the general principle of opening public libraries, &c., for some portion at least of Sundays," was rejected by an overwhelming majority, on the ground that it was unadvisable for the Congress to express any opinion on the subject. The meeting next year will be at Liverpool, under the presidency of Sir James Picton.

AMONG THE POLITICAL SPEECHES of the week have been few of special interest. Mr. Gibson, always worth hearing when he speaks about Ireland, has admitted at York that the state of that country has improved, though cautiously qualifying this admission by the remark that if outrages are fewer "they are in many cases more savage and audacious." Mr. Baxter has been congratulating the Nonconformists of Forfar on the diminishing value attached to the "shibboleths of sects," and the consequent dying out of "the old perverse antipathies." So long as national endowments last there will still, he holds, be agitation; but when the voluntary system is everywhere established, there will be peace "founded on broad views of freedom of conscience."—Mr. Bradlaugh has been denouncing the Egyptian War at Bradford, on the ground that "the British forces and money are being made use of in the interest of usurers, who lent money to the Viceroy," and Sir W. Lawson, undismayed by his repulse in Scotland, has renewed his lively attacks on our unjustifiable aggression in his own Cumberland village of Aspatria. Our excuse for bombarding Alexandria was "that we could not bear to see Arabi pointing his guns at us. If a man was pointing a gun at him he (Sir W. Lawson) would get out of the way."—Mr. Piers Warburton, M.P., presiding at the Middlewich Agricultural Society's dinner at Northwich, was grieved to say the Cheshire cheese of the present day was not equal to that of thirty-five years ago.—The Premier has acknowledged with grateful promptitude the conduct of the Glasgow Liberals in carrying a counter-amendment to Sir W. Lawson's motion last week; and has also addressed a letter of thanks to the Stanningley Reform Club for a vote of con-

fidence in the Government, in which he expresses a hope that the present Parliament will be able to deal with the question of the county franchise.

FROM IRELAND this week there is a cheering absence of bad news. The Lord Lieutenant's proclamation, thanking the lately enrolled "specials" for their services, and informing them that they are no longer needed, may be considered to mark the definite



conclusion of the revolt of the metropolitan police. Of the dismissed constables 208 have been reinstated, and only seventeen rejected, either as ringleaders in the recent acts of insubordination or as men whose previous conduct had been generally unsatisfactory; and the Commission is now making active inquiry into the alleged grievances of the force, more particularly in the matter of pensions, and of the inequalities said to exist between men enlisted before 1866 and after. Some dissatisfaction, however, has again sprung up at the men being requested to sign a pledge not to bring "grievances as to discipline"—the real *fons et origo mali*—before the notice of the Commission.—At Limerick on Monday Francis Hynes was executed in prison for the murder of the herd Doloughty. There was no disturbance, though 700 policemen had been drafted from the North as a precautionary measure, but shops were very generally closed, in sign of mourning, throughout Limerick and Clare. The condemned man died with great firmness, and made no confession of his crime. Great efforts were made to save him by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Mr. Sexton, M.P., and others, and an appeal was even made to Mr. Gladstone. But Earl Spencer declined to discuss the case with any deputation, and Mr. Gladstone wrote to say that the rule could not be broken by which all questions of dealing with judicial sentences were kept exclusively in the hands of the Home Secretary for England and of the Lord Lieutenant for Ireland. The Gray Indemnity Fund, thanks to some large individual subscriptions, has at last exceeded the required amount, 500*l.*, but will still be kept open for further additions. A surplus of 700*l.* from the O'Connell Memorial will be handed over by the Committee to the Mansion House Fund for the relief of evicted tenants.

THE LABOUR LEAGUE evinces signs of weakness, the tenant-farmers very generally objecting to give the men the desired half-acre allotments. The Carrick-on-Suir branch has already been broken up, and the shilling entrance-fees returned to the members. On the application of the law-agent for the Crown the trial of the murderers of the Joyce family will be removed to Dublin. Early on Tuesday the Lord Lieutenant left the Viceregal Lodge for a week's tour in the West, where he will visit the Marquis of Sligo and Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., and probably inspect the scenes of some of the most atrocious of the recent murders. In Dublin a butcher's porter has been arrested on a charge of being concealed for an unlawful purpose in the house of Mr. Reis, a juror on the trial of Francis Hynes. Mr. Reis had previously received a threatening letter.—The Ulster Constitutional Union have made arrangements for the purchase of a large music hall at Belfast for the Ulster Constitutional Club, which is to be inaugurated by Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote in December.

THE IRON AND COAL TRADES continue to be disturbed with threatenings of extensive strikes. In the Darlington district, where the award of Sir J. W. Pease will terminate by the end of October, so great is the divergency of opinion between masters and workmen, that the demand of the latter for a 7½ per cent. increase of wages has been met by the iron manufacturers with a counter claim for a reduction of 12½ per cent. on existing rates. In the South Yorkshire coal fields, and in the Midlands, districts, the agitation for a general advance of wages is especially brisk, and the approaching conference at Rotherham is looked forward to with great interest.—At a meeting at Attercliffe, Mr. Pickard, one of the Yorkshire delegates at the late Manchester Conference, averred that miners are doing more work and earning less money than in 1874. Meanwhile, in North Wales last week, 2,800*l.* was the highest bid for a colliery for which, according to the auctioneer, 35,000*l.* had been offered two or three years ago.

AMONG THE NEW MEMBERS of the recently-formed Catholic Conservative Association are Sir John Pope Hennessy and Sir George Bowyer, Mr. A. H. Bellingham, M.P. for Louth, and Mr. Owen Lewis, late M.P. for Carlow. The Marquis of Bute has forwarded a donation.

A HELPLESS LITTLE CONGRESS of the working women of London—sewing machinists, cigar-makers, match-makers, and others—was held last week in Old Street. The sewing machinists, who declared they were "merely slaves under other names," were the first to speak, and it was then moved "That this Conference of Working Women, having heard the complaint of the sewing machinists, is of opinion that they should be better paid, and it appeals to the public and the Press to assist it in its efforts to obtain justice for a very heavily over-worked class." Similar resolutions were successively carried in favour of the cigar-makers, match-makers, and others, "and the Congress closed."

AT A MEETING on Saturday of the Mansion House Committee for the Relief of Distress in Iceland it was resolved to appoint a Sub-Committee, with power to send a Commissioner (probably Mr. Magnusson) to the island to organise the distribution of relief. Out of 2,200*l.* already collected 2,000*l.* are to be placed at the disposal of the Sub-Committee. One-third of the entire live stock of the island is believed to have perished in the last winter of cold and hunger.

THE POPULAR COMPOSER, MR. F. H. COWEN, has been chosen President of the new Scottish Academy of Music, which is to be opened next year in Edinburgh. The Academy will bear the same relation to the proposed Royal College of Music which the Scottish Academy of Arts bears at present to Burlington House.

OBITUARY.—Sir George Grey died on Saturday last, at 7.30 P.M., at his seat of Falloden, near Alnwick. He retired from public life on the dissolution of Parliament in 1874. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his grandson.



A FEMININE REGISTRAR OF BIRTHS AND DEATHS has been appointed at Great Marlow on a year's trial.

A BELGIAN SPARROW has literally built her nest in the lion's mouth, having made her home in the jaws of the monumental lion, surmounting the Belgic mound on the field of Waterloo.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD is a comparative failure this year, owing to the severe drought of the summer. The rivers have been so low that a large quantity of merchandise cannot be brought to the spot, and there is a corresponding lack of purchasers.

"LITERARY NECKTIES" are adopted by dandies at Transatlantic watering-places this season—white linen scarves imprinted with miniature *fac-similes* of the popular journals of the day. Other aesthetic American youths refuse to play whist with any cards but those having hand-painted satin backs.

AN ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION is to be inaugurated to-day at Munich, and, unlike most of these displays, is expected to be perfectly complete by the day of opening. The main feature of the Exhibition will be the practical experiments carried out on a very extensive scale, while the plentiful supply of water at hand will supply the chief motive power.

THE WORCESTER EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES is proving very successful, and will be kept open for another month. At first the visitors were few; but, as the exhibition became more known, the numbers have increased, until last week over 20,000 persons visited the collection. Amongst the most interesting features are the machines used for Worcestershire industries—the carpet loom, potter's wheel, the glove machines, &c.

SIX YOUNG AMERICAN GIRLS HAVE UNDERTAKEN A BOLD PEDESTRIAN TOUR across the mountains of North Carolina. Without any escort they have started to walk some 600 or 700 miles, and as a considerable part of their journey will lie through wild forests and uninhabitable regions, they carry hammocks, and are prepared to camp out at night. The girls are Southerners, and the eldest is twenty, while the youngest is seventeen.

THE COREANS have a holy horror of any of their nationality adopting foreign customs. Thus when a native who had been to Japan returned home, wearing his hair cut short and a foreign hat, he was soundly thrashed, and told to return whence he came until he was fit to appear in polite Corean society. The natives are very cool in their manners, and one went up to an officer on board the American vessel in the Corean harbour, pulled his moustache to see what it was like, and took a toothpick out of his hand.

THE BRITISH SURVEYING EXPEDITION IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, from which the *Alert* has just returned, has produced very important results, second only, it is stated, to those of the famous *Challenger* voyage. Through the *Alert's* investigations many doubtful points of navigation have been settled respecting the Straits of Magellan, Torres Straits, the Amirate Islands, &c., while the vessel has also brought home a valuable collection of specimens, which are to be distributed among the national museums. Talking of exploration, a British party have gone to Western Australia to inspect the coast along the route followed by Mr. Forrest in 1879. Starting from Cambridge Gulf, in the north of the colony, they hope to reach King's Sound, on the West Coast, by December.

RAPHAEL'S QUATERCENTARY is to be kept on March 28th next at his birthplace, Urbino, and the Raphael Academy of the City have opened a competition for a monument to the great painter's memory. The memorial will be placed on the square in front of the Ducal Palace at Urbino, and will consist of a statue in white Carrara marble, the pedestal being ornamented with bronze bas-reliefs. Italy is busy honouring her celebrities just now, for the nineteenth centenary of Virgil's birth is to be kept at Mantua to-morrow (Sunday), while a monument to Bellini will be unveiled this month at the composer's birthplace, Catania, Sicily. Bellini is represented seated at the piano composing, and at the four corners of the pedestal supporting the figure stand statues emblematic of "Norma," the "Sonnambula," the "Puritani," and the "Pirate," while the first line of the chief air of each opera is inscribed at the foot of the respective figures.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week, and the deaths numbered 1,322 against 1,473 in the previous seven days, being a decline of 151, and 85 below the average, while the death rate fell to 177 per 1,000. There were 9 deaths from small-pox (an increase of 2), 29 from measles (a decrease of 3), 38 from scarlet fever (a decline of 4), 17 from diphtheria (a fall of 1), 27 from whooping cough (a decrease of 3), 11 from enteric fever (a rise of 5), 4 from ill-defined forms of continued fever (an increase of 2), 95 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 58, and 54 below the average), and 5 from simple cholera (a fall of 1). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs decreased to 178 from 202, but were 17 above the average, while different forms of violence caused 55 deaths, of which 48 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,566 births registered—an increase of 70, but 19 below the average. The mean temperature was 57.3, being 2 below the average.

BRITISH TOURISTS IN PARIS are fair game for caricature among our Gallic neighbours, but the French are nevertheless sorely afraid of losing many of their visitors—the passers through to Italy, owing to the opening of the St. Gotthard Railway. If the route by Germany is chosen this means the annual loss of 180,000*l.* in fares alone, laments M. Marteau, who has been charged by the French Government to draw up a report on the effect of the new route on Gallic interests, while few passengers pass through without spending more than their fare. Of the injury to the goods traffic he also speaks, but his chief alarm is lest 15 to 18,000 British, who annually pass through on their road to Italy, should favour Teutonic rivals. "It would be a national misfortune. The English," he says "must not lose the habit of going through France and Paris, we must not let them travel by a road that leads them nearer Germany. That in this there is an interest more than commercial I need not insist." A tunnel through the Simplon to shorten the route and reduced fares are M. Marteau's proposed remedies to avert the dreaded evil.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S TRADITIONAL THREE SINGLE HAIRS as the sole ornaments of his massive head have long been a favourite subject of caricature with the Berlin comic journals, but the Chancellor may now recognise this characteristic of his appearance depicted in stone over several windows in Potsdam. The owner of these houses, according to the *American Register*, is a rich capitalist who has worked his way up from a simple mason with only one disaster in his life—the loss of his only son in the Franco-Prussian War. He regards Prince Bismarck as the author of the war, and therefore as his son's murderer, and so adopts a somewhat singular method of revenging himself on his enemy. Over the grave of his son in the Potsdam Cemetery he has erected a splendid mausoleum, surmounted by an owl with the face of Prince Bismarck, three hairs and all. On one of his houses the Bismarck head looks over the cornice of each window, with the three hairs represented by small cannon. On another building, similarly adorned, three serpents take the place of the hairs; while a third house is now being built, and the capitalist's neighbours are eager to see what fresh flattering ornament will be bestowed on the Prince's head.



THE WAR IN EGYPT—"CHARGE!" KASSASSIN, AUG. 28

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. F. VILLIERS



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—Tel-el-Kebir has fallen, and Arabi and his army have suffered a crushing defeat, which threatens to prove a death-blow to the Egyptian rebel cause. Cautious in the extreme, Sir Garnet Wolseley was not to be tempted into moving before every preparation was complete, even by the success of Saturday's action. On their side the Egyptians plainly showed themselves emboldened by the delay, so that Arabi determined to strike a blow while the British advanced force was still comparatively weak. The enemy had proved unusually tenacious during a reconnaissance in force made previously by General Graham to the village of El Derbir, midway between the British camp and Tel-el-Kebir, and though temporarily driven out, the Egyptians reoccupied the village when General Graham took his men back to Kassassin, considering it inexpedient to maintain the positions won. Early next morning, when some fifty of the Bengal Lancers, under Colonel Pennington, were placing vedettes, they found the Arabists coming up in strength, and while a messenger was sent back for reinforcements, the small band pluckily held their adversaries at bay for a considerable time. The attack, however, proved to be the most important movement yet undertaken by the Egyptians, for while a force, variously reported at a strength of 13,000 to 16,000, attacked in the front under Ali Fehmy Pasha, a column of 2,500 from Salahieh, said to be commanded by Toulba Pasha, tried to steal round the British flank on the south of the Canal. At first the position was awkward, but General Willis's main body speedily came up, and after a brisk fire on both sides the Egyptians wavered and fell back, while the British pursued with energy, and captured several guns. The Salahieh division were unable to resist General Lowe and the Household Cavalry, and left the victory completely to the British, who chased them for a considerable distance. Both officers and men were eager to pursue their advantage right up to Tel-el-Kebir, but peremptory orders to return came from Sir Garnet Wolseley. During the engagement was found the body of Lieutenant Gribble, who has been missed since the previous engagement at Kassassin. Considering the importance of the attack, the British loss was small—two killed and fifty-eight severely wounded, but to all appearance the enemy suffered greatly. This check effectually quieted the Arabists for the time. Meanwhile the British forces were being gradually massed at Kassassin, thus transformed from a small advance post to a camp three miles long, and reinforcements poured in from Ismailia, including the Naval Brigade and the Highland Brigade, whose trying march across the Desert cost them an alarming number of sick. Sending an outpost four miles in advance, Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff moved their head-quarters to Kassassin, and the Generals having made a searching reconnaissance on Tuesday morning, by nightfall all was in readiness. Owing to the strength of Arabi's fortifications and the mass of troops concentrated at Tel-el-Kebir—estimated at 20,000 Regulars and 6,000 Bedouins, with 90 guns—Sir Garnet Wolseley considered that a daylight attack might involve his troops in heavy loss, so the British force of 11,000 infantry, 2,000 cavalry, and 60 guns stole out of camp soon after midnight on Tuesday. Sir Garnet Wolseley commanded in person, General Graham led his Brigade sword in hand, supported by the Duke of Connaught and the Guards, while the Indian Contingent, under General Macpherson, and the Highland Brigade, under General Hamley, marched each side of the railway. The force approached unnoticed to within a mile of the Arabist defences, when our artillery opened fire, and the infantry eagerly charged the startled Egyptians, each regiment striving to be first in the works, and the Royal Irish particularly distinguishing themselves. The struggle was sharp but decisive. No formidable resistance was offered after the ramparts had been won, and the inner redoubts soon gave way under the fierce rush of the British, who reserved their fire, and attacked at close quarters with the bayonet. In twenty minutes' time the positions were carried, and the Arabists fled in terror, flinging away all encumbrances as they ran in hopeless confusion towards Zagazig. Arabi himself fled by train, it is supposed, in the same direction, and the British cavalry, following close behind, took the enemy in flank and seized a number of prisoners. Others were caught hiding in Tel-el-Kebir itself, so that over 3,000 Egyptians remain in our hands, while over 40 guns have been taken. To render the rout as complete as possible, the pursuers divided at the fork of the Sweet Water Canal, and while the cavalry, under General Lowe, turned south towards Belbeis, on the road to Cairo, General Macpherson and his Indian followers chased the main body of fugitives to Zagazig, where the populations had announced that they meant to burn the European quarter in case of defeat of Tel-el-Kebir. Happily General Macpherson managed to occupy Zagazig the same afternoon, and reports that both Governor and people were submissive. So demoralised are the Arabists that it is reasonable to hope that the worst part of the struggle is over. Probably 2,000 Egyptians fell in the battle, while on our side some 200 at least have fallen, and the officers in particular have suffered heavily, General Willis being slightly wounded. Without exception our men behaved with the utmost gallantry, Cavalry and Artillery working particularly well. The Highland Brigade bore the brunt of the encounter, carrying the first line of earthworks. Hopes are high of a speedy march to Cairo, and Arabi has been kind enough to leave the railway intact, although the Canal has been cut in several places.

Communication between the front and Ismailia has been carefully secured by garrisoning the important points along the line, and most of the wounded have been sent off to the Ismailia Hospital, some of the cases being very bad. Indeed, altogether the health of the troops has not improved, owing to the great heat; but happily already signs of the advancing season are visible in the cooler nights. Still, the soldiers are forced to work in the heat of the day, as the transport remains miserably inefficient, despite the untiring energy of both officers and men, while as the Sweet Water Canal daily gets lower even this mode of communication is lacking. Along the Canal the Bedouins still threaten trouble, and a gunboat accordingly patrols the waters. The cholera scare has abated at Suez, but another epidemic has appeared—glanders among the Indian horses.

Alexandria received the good news from the front with great excitement, the Christian population crowding into the Great Square to hear the bands playing the British National Anthem and the Khédive's and Turkish Hymns. Strange to say, the Arabs seemed equally pleased, and were charmed with the general festivities. A small European procession also paraded the streets, carrying congratulatory placards. The victory did not come too soon for our prestige in Alexandria, for the evil effect of inaction has been proved by an Arab attempt to surprise the garrison. A party of natives tried to escalate the ramparts at the Ramleh and Rosetta Gates, and though failing managed to get off scot-free. The pickets at Ramleh are constantly fired on, and a new big gun has been mounted at the earthwork of King Osman, while Mex is more worried than usual by Bedouins, who even entered the village, and had to be driven out by the bayonet. As, however, negotiations have been opened for the surrender of Kaf Dowar, any attacks in this direction will soon be checked. The British garrison have been very curious concerning the repeated firing in the Egyptian camp, which is generally ascribed to dissensions among the rebels—an idea confirmed by four

Arabist officers who have come into Alexandria from Aboukir to surrender to the Khédive, and who report that many of their companions are eager to follow their example. These statements are uniformly repeated by deserters and prisoners, who further state that the Kaf Dowar force is weak and dissatisfied, and that altogether Arabi's strength amounts to 44,000 infantry, 1,800 cavalry, 30,000 Bedouins, and 143 guns. These troops are distributed between Kaf Dowar, Mariout, Rosetta, Damietta and Aboukir, Tel-el-Kebir, and Salahieh. In Alexandria itself the native population have been greatly disposed to come into collision with the Europeans, while they carried off the body of the native murderer hanged last week, and buried it with great pomp as that of a martyr. The Government now proposes an International Commission to decide on indemnifying the sufferers from incendiarism and pillage during the recent disasters, but the proposal to exclude jewels, bonds, and works of art has given general dissatisfaction. The charges of torturing native prisoners have been acknowledged, and the Khédive has engaged that no repetition of the process shall occur.

Throughout Egypt, so far as is known, the Sultan's proclamation against Arabi has produced little effect, though the rebel leader naturally prohibited its circulation in his camp; while in TURKEY the document is not only coldly received by the natives, but has occasioned fresh difficulties respecting the signature of the Military Convention. It appears that the proclamation was published very suddenly after all, and without Lord Dufferin's knowledge, so that the British Ambassador was greatly annoyed to find that one phrase he objected to had been retained, in spite of promises to the contrary. This misunderstanding caused a fresh delay, and next difficulties arose respecting the wording of the clause permitting troops to land at Port Said. Lord Dufferin firmly maintained that the actual point of disembarkation must be left to the discretion of the British and Turkish Commanders, and negotiations are now to be opened on a different basis regarding the landing. The victory at Tel-el-Kebir, however, is likely to materially change the situation.

In the mean time Turkey does not find her negotiations with GREECE more successful than those with England. The Greek Government is firmly resolved not to yield, and informs the Porte that unless matters are arranged by to-day (Saturday), Greece will not consider herself bound to keep her troops in their present positions. A number of Grecian troops have been sent to the frontier, and there are every signs of a coming collision; while the agitation among her Greek subjects in other parts of the Empire renders the position additionally trying for Turkey.

FRANCE.—Political circles begin to recover from the usual summer depression, and while still chiefly occupied with foreign affairs, and Eastern in particular, are showing some interest in the plans of the Ministry. Thus people seem very much astonished that M. Duclerc does not share the general impression respecting the ephemeral nature of his Cabinet, and the Premier's reported remarks to the correspondents of *The Times* and the *Neue Freie Presse* have been widely commented on. It is evident that M. Duclerc does not regard himself as a mere stop-gap, and is even preparing measures for next Session, when he may certainly count on M. Clémenceau and the Extreme Radicals as bitter enemies, as his foreign policy is diametrically opposed to their ideas. France and Italy are now again at issue in Tunis, owing to the French authorities in the colony having tried an Italian subject for assaulting a soldier. Very bitter feelings have been aroused, while the French find that the Tunisian rebels also are not totally crushed, an encounter having occurred near Kairouan. Fifty of the French soldiers were killed, and the issue appears to have been doubtful. Another foreign trouble is the Madagascar dispute, as the Gallic officials in the island refuse to let the Malagasy Embassy leave to lay its complaints before the Home Government, and are further taking possession of various disputed points.

PARIS is cheerfully occupied with duels and suicides. Thus the editors of two journals, the *Radical* and the *Citoyen*, having come to grief, the staff of the latter paper sent challenges to ten journalists belonging to the former, but as the physical encounter was declined, the two journals have adopted a harmless verbal duel of abuse. The French Patriotic League continues to make disturbances against the Germans; while another unpleasant incident, the Fenayrou murder case, will have to be tried over again through a technical error.—Dramatic circles have been saddened by the suicide through love of a young Russian actress, Madlle. Feychine, and there are three novelties—an adaptation from Balzac, *Lydie*, by M. Miral, which proved a miserable failure at the Nations, an amusing comic piece, *Tête de Linotte*, by the late T. Barrière, at the Vaudeville, and a powerful drama, founded on an unpleasant episode, *Le Mariage d'André*, by MM. Lemayre and Rouvre, at the Odéon. The blessings of a penny postage are hoped for, as M. Cochery intends to introduce a Bill to this effect next Session.

GERMANY has watched with great pride the success of the military manoeuvres at Breslau, where a series of intricate movements have been executed with remarkable brilliancy. Unfortunately the Emperor over-fatigued himself on the first day, and was obliged to take a brief rest. He recovered, however, in time to receive the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria on Monday, and next day was again in the saddle throughout the whole operations. The German Crown Princess took an important part in the proceedings, heading her regiment, the Black Hussars, and on one occasion led her division against the position occupied by her husband, who laughingly remarked that this was the first time his wife had figured among his adversaries. Nor has the Princess devoted herself solely to military duties, for she has visited the Breslau schools and charitable establishments of every persuasion alike. Returning to the Austrian visitors, the utmost cordiality is expressed by both reigning families, and the Germans are particularly loud just now in their friendly professions. Prince Bismarck's health is stated to be very bad, and he is obliged by medical advice to abstain from business, except giving necessary signatures. He is not cheered, moreover, by the news from Rome, and it is thought that unless some arrangement is speedily made the negotiations will be broken off, and the Mission to the Vatican suppressed altogether. Pope Leo, according to a German legal dignitary who lately interviewed his Holiness, declares that he does not wish to humiliate the Prussian Government, but that the struggle cannot cease while the May Laws exist in direct contradiction to the fundamental principles of the Church. He suggests that the Government should frankly change their policy in the matter, and points out that he has made concessions by the recent episcopal appointments. Meanwhile a Roman Catholic Congress has opened at Frankfort.

The fatal railway accident at Hugstetten last week has resulted in seventy-four deaths. Many of the killed were perfectly unrecognisable, and have been buried with great pomp at Freiburg, where the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden has been to visit the sufferers, while subscriptions are being raised for the families of the victims, headed by the Imperial and Grand Ducal Families. At present the accident appears to have been due to the excessive speed of the train and the weak brakes. The line remained blocked for days. There has been another accident, this time near Nuremberg, when three persons were killed. Other items are the opening of the Anti-Jewish Congress at Dresden, and the intention of the Bavarians to petition their King to abandon his present retired life.

RUSSIA.—The Czar has emerged from his seclusion at Peterhoff to attend a religious service in St. Petersburg, on the anniversary of St. Alexander Nevsky, his patron. For once the Imperial Family dispensed with police protection, and drove through the city in open carriages without any escort whatever, the people crowding

to see the Czar pass. The day was kept as a holiday, and a number of decorations and promotions were awarded, one of the honoured recipients, curiously enough, being General Drenteln, the Governor-General of Kieff, whose recent abuse of the Jews at Balta has aroused much bitterness. Military affairs are now the prominent topic, and the whole of the Hussar regiments have been changed into heavy cavalry, while a complete remodelling of the army is being planned. Meanwhile there seems little doubt that a strong Russian force is being gathered in Armenia, while every effort is being made to put the Bulgarian army under Russian control, and to bring it up to a high standard.

INDIA.—Affairs in the East continue to arouse the keenest interest, and several of the native Governments have offered their assistance to the British Government. As yet none of the propositions have been accepted, although, meanwhile, the young Maharana of Dholepore has been appointed a Major in the Central Indian Horse, much to native satisfaction. Another young Prince, the Maharajah of Jeypore, has been solemnly inducted into the Government, but as the new ruler does not promise too favourably, the Viceroy has written begging that he will make no administrative changes save under grave necessity, and after consultation with the Political Agent. In another part of Rajputana, a criminal tribe, the Meenas, have seriously injured the railway in revenge for the arrest of some of their relations, famous Dacoits.

The Ameer of AFGHANISTAN does not seem to be getting on very well, for the troops sent to hold Maimana have been defeated by the Khan, who, further, is openly protecting the pretender to the Afghan throne, Yakoob's son, Musa Khan.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ITALY is furious because certain correspondents of London journals have repeated the ridiculous and abusive statements against England recently prevailing in the Italian press. The *Popolo Romano* hints at the journalists' expulsion, but more reasonable journals see the error of their ways and have considerably altered their tone.—The Emperor of AUSTRIA is now making a tour in the South of his dominions, and is expected at Trieste to-morrow.—SPAIN is in dread of cholera, and is taking great precautions, as Madrid is somewhat unhealthy just now. The Spaniards fear the disease being imported from the PHILIPPINES, where happily the epidemic is abating.—SWITZERLAND finds that her new Constitution does not work smoothly, and the Cantons and the Federal authorities are at perpetual loggerheads. The educational question is the latest dispute.—The distress in ICELAND continues to excite great concern, for two-thirds of the inhabitants are threatened with famine, while one-third of the live stock has perished from cold and hunger, owing to the late and inclement winter.—In the UNITED STATES the long-protracted trial for the Star Route postal frauds has resulted most unsatisfactorily, the jury being unable to agree. The charges are that the Assistant Postmaster-General sanctioned false contracts for postal services and shared the spoil with his friends.—In CENTRAL AMERICA Panama has been grievously injured by violent earthquakes.—In SOUTH AFRICA Sir H. Bulwer has gone on a tour on the Zulu Border, and Oham declares that he will not oppose Cetewayo.—JAPAN and COREA have settled their dispute by the latter promising to pay a heavy indemnity.



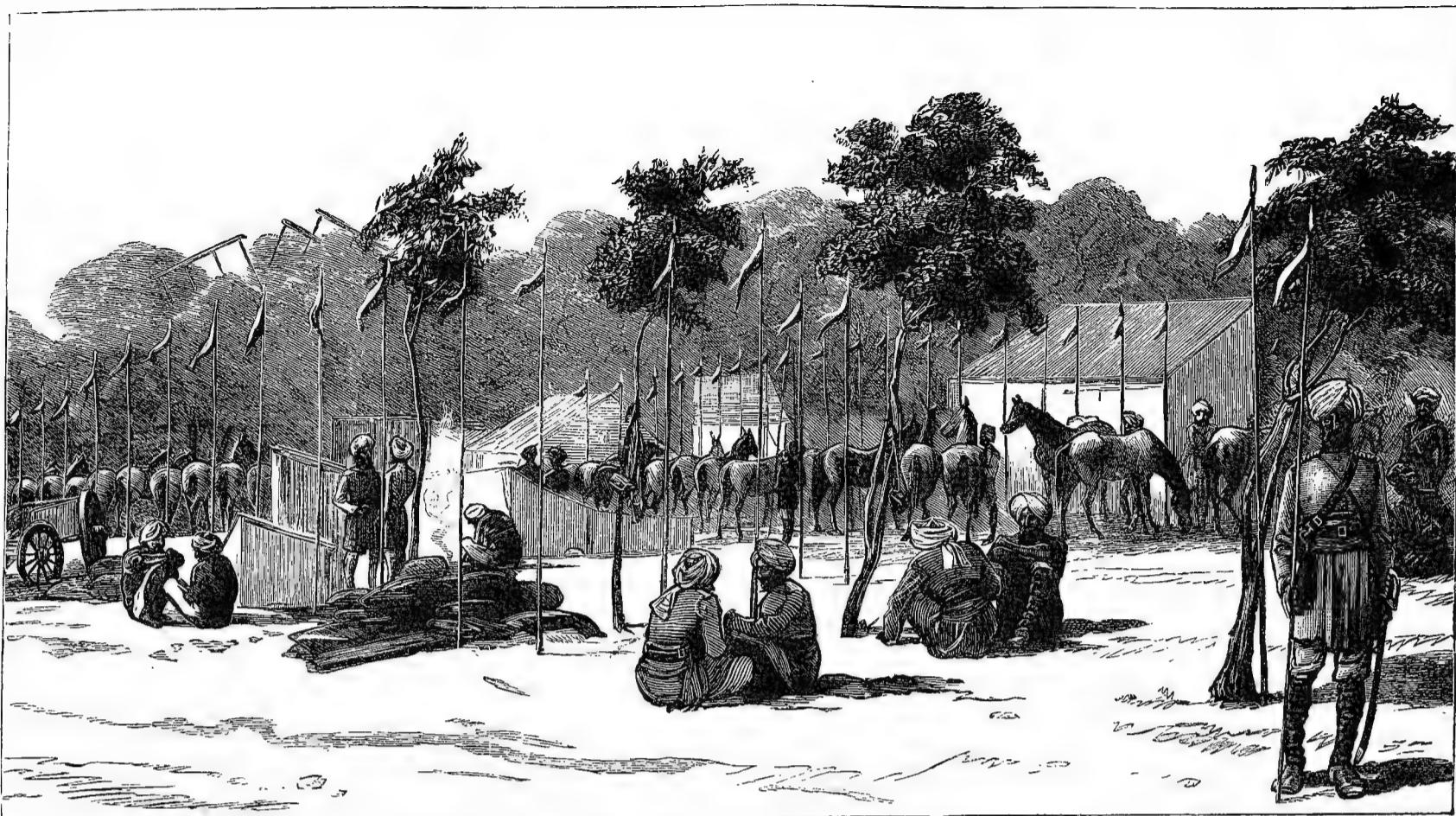
THE QUEEN has been entertaining several visitors at Balmoral, and has been joined by the Duke and Duchess of Albany on the conclusion of their cruise. Lord Lyons has spent four days at the Castle, joining the Royal party at dinner each evening, while the Rev. D. Macleod arrived on Saturday. In the afternoon Her Majesty drove with the Duchess of Connaught and Princess Beatrice along the south side of the Dee to Ballater, returning on the opposite bank of the river, and in the evening Lord Lyons and the Rev. D. Macleod dined with the Queen. Divine Service was performed at Balmoral next morning by the Rev. D. Macleod before Her Majesty and the Princesses, and in the evening Canon Connor and the Rev. A. Campbell joined the Royal dinner-party. On Tuesday Her Majesty drove to the Glen Gelder Shiel, and next day the Queen and the Princesses went to Ballater to meet the Duke and Duchess of Albany. Balmoral kept high festival in the evening to celebrate the British victory in Egypt. Bon fires were lighted on the hills around. Her Majesty sent a message to the people through General Ponsonby, expressing her satisfaction at their loyalty. As usual the Queen walks out daily with one of the Princesses, and has paid several visits in the neighbourhood.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family have returned to England after nearly a month's absence in Germany. After celebrating the Queen of Denmark's sixty-fifth birthday, the Royal party at Wiesbaden broke up on Monday, when the Danish King and Queen left for Gmunden to visit their daughter, the Duchess of Cumberland, and the Princess of Wales and her children joined the Prince of Wales at Frankfort on his way from Homburg. The Prince and Princess stayed the night with the Grand Duke of Hesse at Darmstadt, and left on Tuesday for Flushing, whence they crossed to the new Port Victoria in the Osborne, arriving on Wednesday morning, in company with the King and Queen of Greece. They spent two days in town, and were expected to leave last (Friday) night for Abergeldie to stay a few weeks.

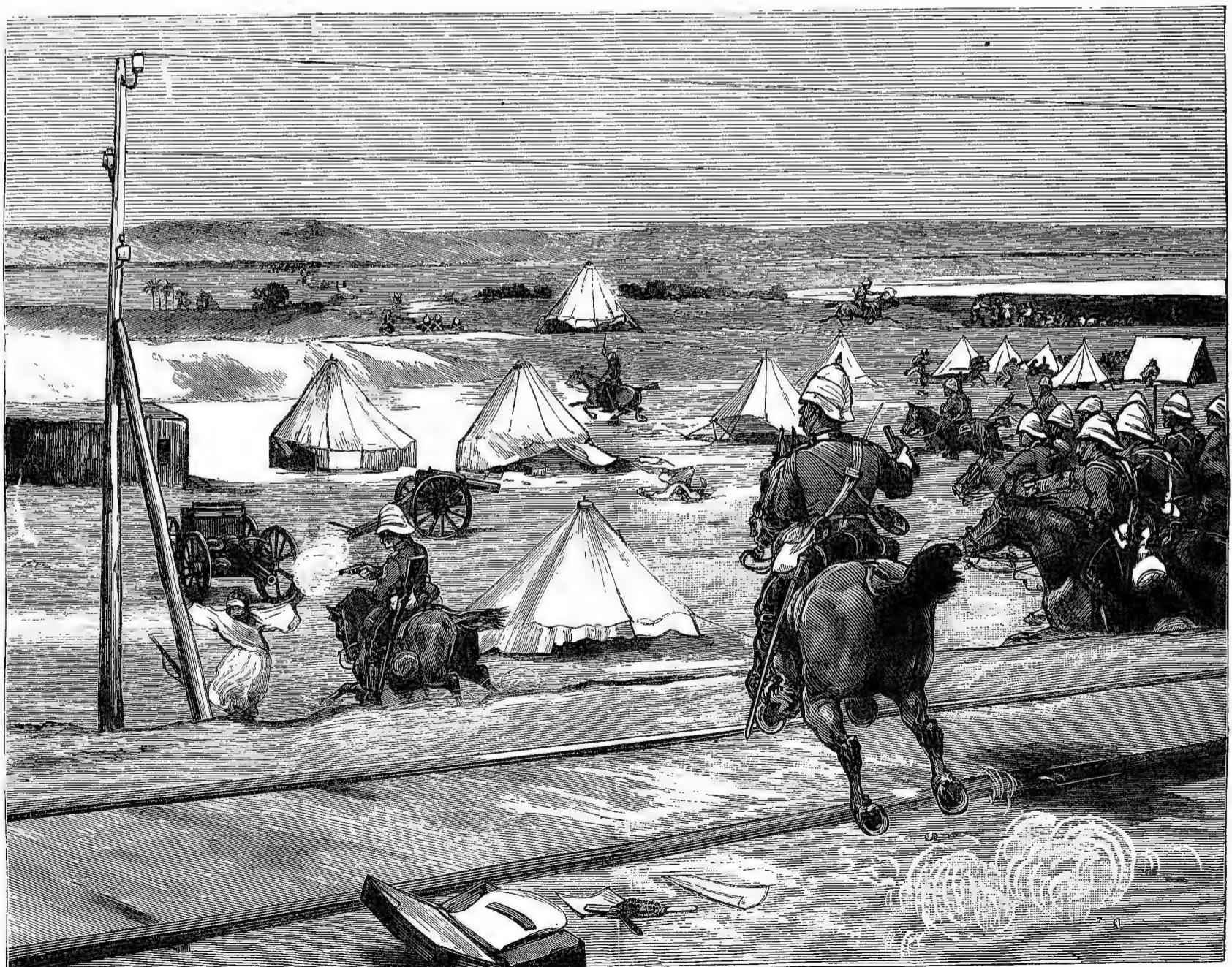
The Duke of Albany is steadily improving in health, and has spent this week slowly cruising with the Duchess in the *Lively*, on their way to Scotland. The yacht has proceeded very leisurely, remaining at anchor each night. The Duke and Duchess spent Sunday off North Berwick, and on Monday went to Wemyss Castle, on a visit to Mr. Hugo Wemyss, until Tuesday night, when they left again for Aberdeen, and travelled thence next day to Balmoral. During their visit to Wemyss Castle the Duke and Duchess planted a tree to commemorate the Duchess first putting her foot on Scotch soil.—Prince and Princess Christian and their sons will not return home till the middle of next month, as they will visit their relatives in Germany on leaving the Engadine.

The Duke of Connaught, who has now gone to the front in Egypt with the Guards, does not suffer from the Egyptian climate.—Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne have met with a warm welcome on their way through the United States. Official receptions and Royal salutes greeted them at Chicago and Omaha; and after spending Sunday at Sherman, in the Rocky Mountains, the Princess and her husband reached San Francisco on Tuesday, where they were welcomed alike by the British colony and the Americans. Thence they will sail in the British Government vessel *Comus* for British Columbia.

HERR WAGNER'S NEXT WORK will be a musical drama, entitled *The Vixors*, and founded on Brahmin legends. The composer is busily planning the opera in the midst of his preparations for the production of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth, where, by the way, the audience will only be admitted to the first two performances under severe restrictions. Each purchaser of a ticket is bound to inscribe his name on the card, and may only transfer the ticket to another owner after formal permission from the Bayreuth officials.



CAMP OF THE THIRTEENTH BENGAL LANCERS BESIDE THE QUAY MEHEMET ALI, ISMAILIA
From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Herbert Johnson



MOUNTED INFANTRY UNDER CAPTAIN PIGOTT FOLLOWING UP THE ENEMY AT MAHSAMEH, AUG. 25
From a Sketch by Our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers



THE DAILY BULLETINS of the health of the Archbishop of Canterbury, which were not a little disquieting at the commencement of the week, have again become somewhat more favourable. The "blistered mouth and relaxed throat," which had troubled his Grace much on Monday and Tuesday, are now better, and there has been a slight recovery of strength.—The Bishop of Ripon, though still unable to undertake any public duty, can now attend to the whole of his large correspondence, and hold frequent interviews with his clergy.—Dr. Pusey, of whose convalescence from his dangerous condition of nervous prostration sanguine hopes had been entertained, is now, according to the *St. James's Gazette*, so much worse that fears are entertained of his recovery. Although in his eighty-third year, he had until the last few days been constantly occupied in literary and theological studies.

SELWYN COLLEGE, the new Church of England addition to the colleges of Cambridge, will, in consequence of the serious illness of the Primate, be opened next month by some one nominated by him to act as his deputy. The Bishop of Ely will preach the sermon. The college in its present state can accommodate thirty undergraduates, a number which will be increased to sixty as soon as the existing block of buildings is set free by the erection of a master's lodge. Canon Field has already given 500/- for this purpose, and a lay benefactor 3,000/- on the sole condition that part of the new buildings bear the name of the late Rev. Ed. Rose, of Weybridge. Applications have been already made for rooms up to 1885.

ON SATURDAY, the "year's mind" of the Rev. Charles Lowder's death, Earl Nelson laid the foundation-stone of the Lowder Memorial at St. Peter's, London Docks, a clergy-house for which 4,500/- have been already raised, the offertory on Saturday reaching at least 3000/- The "ceremonial," says the *Guardian*, "was of the character usual in churches of the more advanced type."

DR. BEWICK, for sixteen years Vicar-General of the Diocese, has been appointed by the Pope to succeed Dr. Chadwick as Roman Catholic Bishop of Newcastle and Hexham. His name had previously been forwarded to Rome by the Diocesan priests for the vacant post as *ad interim*. Dr. Bewick is of the same family as the famous engraver.

THE WESLEYANS OF CEYLON, according to a correspondent of the *Daily News*, are sorely exercised over a letter from the Bishop of Colombo to a teacher in a school there connected with the S.P.G., threatening dismissal if he carry out his intention of marrying a Wesleyan in a Wesleyan Chapel, and expressing deep grief that "you had not loyalty or courage enough to save you from the wretched fall you contemplate." The letter was sent in an official envelope, and the Wesleyans have written to the Governor to inquire if such missives should be forwarded "on Her Majesty's Service." The Colonial Secretary can only reply that the Bishop has an undoubted right to send official letters free by post.

AT BODMIN, in the heart of the Cornish moors, sometime the scene of good John Wesley's labours, the Augustinian Canons of St. John Lateran are converting a little missionary chapel into a church in the hope of reviving the Augustinian Order in the self-same place where it flourished long ago in pre-Reformation times.

OPPOSITION TO THE VICAR'S RATE has culminated in some disgraceful disturbances at Coventry. On Monday, when the distrained goods were to have been sold, an unruly mob—previously called together by a mock procession of men in surplices—crowded the Assembly Rooms and compelled the auctioneer to adjourn the sale, some of them afterwards marching to the vicarage, where they broke into the garden, without, however, doing any serious damage. In the evening there was an open-air meeting in the Pool Meadows, attended by over 7,000 persons, to protest against the rate. The Church party, on their side, have issued a circular, throwing the blame for the failure of the suggested compromise on the more extreme section of the Nonconformists. A second attempt to sell the distrained goods on Wednesday was again frustrated by the crowd, notwithstanding the presence of a large force of police. It is now suggested that the goods may be disposed of by private contract.

AT THE CARLISLE DIOCESAN CONFERENCE, a memorial to the Home Secretary was drawn up and signed by the Bishop, asking why Mr. Green should be kept in prison now that he is no longer Vicar of Miles Platting. There are some doubts, however, as to the correctness of this assumption, since the requisite three years have not expired since the "final determination" of Mr. Green's appeal, and besides this, as the *Record* points out, there is no reason, since the living is still vacant, why the patron should not appoint him over again.

MUCH SORROW has been felt for the death of the Rev. George Theophilus Dodds, well known for his labours among the Parisian workmen in connection with the M'Call Mission, through eating poisonous mushrooms, which he had gathered in a wood near Orleans. The members of his family who had partaken of them recovered.

THE MONTH'S COURSE OF RESIDENCE AND INSTRUCTION at Keble College, Oxford, arranged by the London Diocesan Lay Helpers' Association, and open to all lay readers throughout the country, has been attended this year by thirty-four from thirteen dioceses. A similar course will be held next July.

THE EAGLE AND THE GRECIAN THEATRE, lately acquired by the Salvation Army, were to be dedicated to their new uses on Thursday with a monster "rejoicing meeting," at which General and Mrs. Booth will be present.

SOME LITERARY NOTES ON EASTBOURNE

WHILE visiting Eastbourne, I recently made a few literary notes about the place which may have a more than local interest. The great quarry for such literary materials is the long series of volumes of the Sussex Archaeological Society, which is especially rich in old Diaries, which for truth and quaintness can hardly be surpassed. With one important exception, however, the present notes are not related to the Sussex Archaeological. It must be borne in mind that until a comparatively recent date, Eastbourne meant what is now called Old Eastbourne, a village hid away in a valley some little distance from the sea, which is now renewing its youth, or more probably will be absorbed in the modern watering-place. Formerly the present gay watering-place was simply known as the "Sea Houses." Illiter came some members of the Royal Family, a century ago, and informed the world that there was such a place as Eastbourne. Similar circumstances made the fortunes of Worthing and Weymouth. Lord George Cavendish, who had married the heiress of the Comptons about that day, came into their Eastbourne and laid out several roads for the improvement of the place. The late Lord Frederick Cavendish, whose loss is so greatly deplored, long resided in this town, and was much endeared to many of the people.

The great natural attraction of the neighbourhood is Beachy Head, and its great historical association is the naval battle fought

off Beachy Head. Here Lord Torrington was shamefully defeated by Tourville, and fled in dismay along the coasts of Sussex and Kent. Somewhat curiously Macaulay, in his History, brings the first Duke of Devonshire into connection with the battle that was fought just off the lands that came eventually into possession of his family. The then Earl of Devonshire protested strongly in the Council, where Queen Mary presided, against Torrington being allowed to fight the battle that proved so disastrous. "He was not a man to whom the safety of three kingdoms could be confided." Then followed what Macaulay says, was one of the saddest times that England had ever known.

At Beachy Head commences that noble series of downs which extend for seventy miles through Sussex and Hampshire. These, and doubtless the little village of Eastbourne that lay at their base, are associated with milder memories. White, of Selborne, came annually to visit what he called "these majestic mountains," and was delighted with their curves of perfect beauty. Knox, the ornithologist, haunted the neighbourhood, and his writings are still the best guide for the birds of the beach and down. Mantell, the geologist, was a Sussex man, and his illustrations, familiar all over Europe, are drawn from this region, and he pointed out how the summit of these downs were islands dotted in a sea haunted by vast saurian reptiles.

If you start from the Eastbourne Station in the Terminus Road—a pretty boulevard-like road, and the station is well-placed—look at No. 50, the site of a house that has a curious history. This was built by a man named Pendrell, the descendant of the Pendrell who helped Charles the Second to escape in that famous oak :

Wherein the Royal Charles abode
Till all the paths grew dim,
And far below the Roundhead rode,
And hummed a surly hymn.

So late as 1877 the occupant of this "Oak Cottage" received an annual pension. There is an interesting paper in the Sussex Archaeological Endeavouring to place the different stages of Charles's flight through Sussex before he embarked from Shoreham. It seems likely that Eastbourne had a literary association with that princess of novelists, Jane Austen. The plot of an unfinished story of hers is laid at Sandton, "a village on the Sussex coast just struggling into notoriety as a bathing-place." What strengthens this supposition is a little epigram which she wrote "On the marriage of Mr. Gell and Miss Gill of Eastbourne." The joke, which is rather a poor one, turns on the lady's eyes (i's). The following sounds like Eastbourne : "The sea air and sea bathing together were nearly infallible; one or other of them being a matter for every disorder of the stomach, the lungs, or the blood. They were anti-spasmodic, anti-pulmonary, anti-bilious, and anti-rheumatic. Nobody could catch cold by the sea; nobody wanted spirits; nobody wanted strength. They were healing, softening, relaxing, fortifying, and bracing, seemingly just as was wanted; sometimes one, sometimes the other. If the sea-breeze failed, the sea-bath was the certain corrective; and when bathing disagreed, the sea-breeze was evidently designed by Nature for the cure!" We do not know the dates of the Eastbourne sea-baths, but they are supplied daily from the sea on the principle of gravitation. In the old days the coast had an evil reputation both for wrecking and for smuggling. We might give some citations from the old dramatists. Addison, in *The Drummer*, lays the scene of some business at Hurstmonceaux Castle, a favourite haunt for picnics to the Eastbourne people of the present day, and Congreve, in *The Mourning Bride*, gives Sussex the character for wrecking which, whether correctly or incorrectly, is more usually associated with Cornwall.

Before this Manor of Borne came to the Compton family, it had belonged to the famous old Sussex family of the Wilsons. An old account book says: "There belonged to the said manor wreck of sea by the space of four miles, as also waffles and strays, all which being granted by patent under the Great Seal of England, may happen to be worth 10,000/- in an hower, as it hath been in other places on the coast; but in the meanest year we have, it is worth 20/- or 30/-." This bears out the apprehension that at this old date the coast of Sussex, according to the measure of its capabilities, was as much given to wrecking as the northern or southern coast of Cornwall. The Wilson of the era of the Commonwealth was as genuine and clever a Royalist as ever perplexed the Puritans and the Protector. He was the sort of man who would especially have delighted the late William Harrison Ainsworth, who lived for many years in Sussex, and was particularly keen in finding out about Sussex loyalists. Ainsworth's novel, "Ovingdean Grange," is not more historically accurate than Sir Walter's "Woodstock."

One Good Friday a company of dragoons came down, by Cromwell's orders, to search the house and seize all papers. Wilson had a wife who was equal to the emergency. Eastbourne was then famous for that delicious bird, the wheatear, the Sussex ortolan, as it may be called, the size of a lark, and weighing an ounce. I am afraid that Sussex hardly maintains its reputation for wheatears. The good Mrs. Wilson, of our narrative, gave the officer and his men a huge pie of wheatears for their sustenance, and while they were discussing it, her husband found time to burn all dangerous papers. The much-pleased officer gave them a gracious good-bye, adding the information that he should have made his host prisoner if he had found anything to compromise him. The parson of Eastbourne was a like-minded man to Squire Wilson. Wilson had to help his friend and neighbour out of his scrapes. The Sequestrators were very busy with the Malignant and Scandalous Ministers. Wilson came forward to defend his friend. "Mr. Graves," he asseverated, "did constantly preach in the forenoon on Lord's Day; and in the afternoon he made expositions on the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, or Creed; that he had maintained the morality of the Sabbath; and that he did, years ago, find fault with a butcher for selling meat on the Lord's Day." However, when the Restoration was effected, Wilson, and we have no doubt his clerical colleague as well, threw off all disguises. He proclaimed the King at Eastbourne "with the most cordial affection, celebrating that solemnity, amongst other demonstrations of joy, with bonfires, and on the leats, on hillocks, or rising ground, betwixt Bourne-tour and the place of his seat, sending to his own house for a hoghead of claret and a pipe or two of strong beer, whereat the loyal townspeople and the adjacent neighbours met him; he generously entertained them; and immediately after drinking the King's health with himself, his lady, children, and the rest of his own family, out of pure zeal and upon their knees, he then publicly declared that now, God be thanked! he thought his estate his own, and he hoped that every man of them around him would think the same."

Wilson was made a baronet, and as he plied the King with wheatears—he was very partial to them—as much as his wife had plied Cromwell's soldiers, this may have had something together with the large payment usual on such occasions, to do in procuring the title. Incidents such as these would not only delight Ainsworth, but might have been worked up into his fictions by Sir Walter Scott.

One great historical personage of the neighbourhood, if he be not mythical, is Parson Darby. By some he is declared to be the individual who, when a ship was wrecked on the coast one Sunday morning, proposed to his congregation that they should "all start fair." I have no hesitation in rejecting this tradition, which belongs, if it belongs anywhere, to an ill-conditioned Cornishman. Everybody has heard of Parson Darby's Hole. The description of it given a century ago is: "A large cavern, consisting of an opening staircase, a dining-room, and bed-chamber." The legend is that it was not simply philanthropy that induced the Reverend Mr. Darby to prepare this Robinson Crusoe-like fortress, but that he took refuge

here from the termagant tongue of his wife. Unfortunately she shall never be in a position to hear Mrs. Darby's account of the transaction. How delighted the shipwrecked mariner must have been when he escaped from the howling sea into his Reverence's doubtless well-replenished dining-room. Twelve Dutchmen were on one occasion saved by Parson Darby's invention. The Dutch were especial sufferers by the storms off Beachy Head. The tradition is that poor Darby caught a fatal illness by the dampness of his hole. The record of the shipwrecks off Beachy Head, as well as the accidents, has been pretty carefully kept during the present century, and the list is very long and very sad; but they were still more numerous before that time, and were especially fatal to the Dutch Marine.

I cannot but think that the writers about Eastbourne have been somewhat ungrateful in not telling us something more about that remarkable man, Davies Gilbert. His original name was Giddy, and he changed it, not to avoid sundry obvious witticisms that might be made at its expense, but for the good and sufficient reason that he married the heiress of the Gilberts, and came into their property. He was a Cornishman, and in the interests of Eastbourne it is to be regretted that his affections were settled on Cornwall, on the antiquities of which he lavished much energy and research. What might have been his Sussex work has been done very well by Mark Anthony Lower. As a Member of Parliament he was conspicuous for indefatigable work, having a curious thirst for sitting on Committees, and was especially useful for promoting the interests of Arts and Sciences. He was a member of the Royal Society, and became the President in succession to Sir Humphrey Davy. He was a great antiquarian and topographer, and wrote on the Bullion question. His monument in Old Eastbourne Church has a Greek inscription, most probably written by himself. He was a justly celebrated man, whose memory Eastbourne ought to cherish.

F. ARNOLD



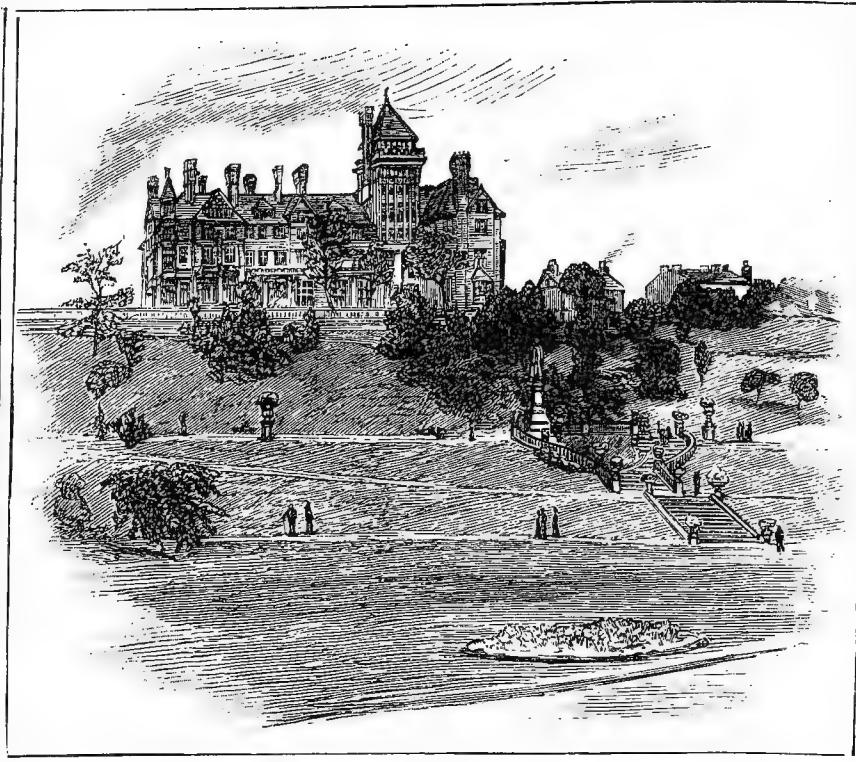
THE TURF.—It is said that the war and the continued agricultural depression had the effect of keeping away from Doncaster this week very many faces well known in the sporting world. Certain, however, it is that as far as numbers go the great Yorkshire meeting was never better attended, and on the St. Leger Day, the great manufacturing centres of the North and Midlands seemed to contribute more abundantly than ever of their working classes towards the crowd on the famous Town Moor. The weather during the week was for the most part fine, and the racing may fairly be said to have been up to the Doncaster standard, though there were several instances of unusually small fields. This was particularly the case on the opening day, but quality was well represented, and several of the finishes were most exciting. The Fitzwilliam Stakes, which opened the ball, were won by Lord Stamford's Poste Restante, who had been on the shelf for some time, but he only beat Knight of Burghley by a head. His lordship followed up his success in the next race, the Filly Stakes, his smart filly Ravissante easily landing the odds laid on her. The Great Yorkshire Handicap only produced a field of five, the smallest which has ever competed since its institution in 1842. Retreat started an almost even-money favourite, but never seemed to give his supporters a hope. In fact nothing had a chance with the winner, Lord Lascelles's Babil, with whom the cutting-down tactics were followed, and he made the whole of the running, and won by twelve lengths, Reveller being second. Another small field, only equaling that of the Great Yorkshire, contested the famous Champagne Stakes for two-year-olds, but in Macheath, the Prince, and Galliard there was certainly the pick of this season's youngsters represented. But not one of the trio could win, Mr. Lefevre's Hauteur taking the valuable stake after a slashing race with Macheath, whom she beat by a neck. She started at the outside price of 10 to 1, and on all hands it was allowed that her victory was due in no slight degree to the admirable riding of the veteran Fordham. It may be noted that out of the last seven occasions a filly has won the Champagne Stakes six times. Since Caller Ou "dropped from the skies" and won the St. Leger in 1861, the great race has never created more sensation than it did on Wednesday last, when another filly in the shape of Lord Falmouth's Dutch Oven, with the extreme outside odds of 40 to 1 against her, was successful in a field of fourteen starters. Ever since the Derby and Oaks, the two fillies, Shotover and Geheimniss, who won those races respectively, have been warm favourites for the St. Leger, and the almost universal impression was that one or other must win. Shotover, till within the last three weeks, was more fancied than her stable companion, Geheimniss, but when it became known that "at home" the latter was considered many pounds better than the former, she became first favourite, and so strong was the belief that she could hardly be beaten that she started with the odds of 11 to 8 on her. Shotover figured next at 7 to 1, and then Sweetbread, the winner of the last Hunt Cup at Ascot, at 15 to 1, and Fenelon at 16. Almost any price in reason could have been got about the others, and the winner's starting price quotation was 40. In the hands of Archer, who has given his followers a rare turn, Dutch Oven won easily by a length and a half, Geheimniss and Shotover following her home. Thus the three "places" were filled by fillies, which sex made its mark of late years on the history of the race. The present season will long be remembered for the superiority of the three-year-old fillies over the colts, and if Kermesse, St. Marguerite, and Nellie had been brought to the St. Leger post in good trim, never would such a splendid galaxy of fillies have contested any race in the annals of the Turf. Every one knows that as a two-year-old Dutch Oven was in the very first flight, but this year she had shown much falling-off, and was generally put down as a "roarer." She was well beaten at Goodwood; and though at York she won the Yorkshire Oaks, she was at the same meeting beaten by Peppermint and Nellie in the Great Yorkshire Stakes. So hopeless did her case seem for the St. Leger that very few persons thought Lord Falmouth would start her. Her victory is probably one of the most surprising events which has happened on the Turf for many years, and, as it were, throws out all calculations. The best authorities have remarked that fillies very seldom recover lost form, but Dutch Oven is certainly an instance to the contrary—but after all, her victory is almost inexplicable on any principle.

CRICKET.—Among the final games of inter-county cricket has been that between Sussex and Notts, which the latter won by ten wickets, and that between Surrey and Gloucestershire, in which the former was defeated by six wickets. Mr. W. G. Grace's 88 for Gloucestershire was his highest score this season in an important match.—But the most interesting games since our last notes have been those in which the Australians have taken a part. In their match against I Zingari they scored 153 in their first innings, to which I Zingari replied with 279, and matters looked well for them. A very different complexion was given to the game when the Australians went in again, and made no less than 423 with the loss of six wickets. The game was drawn. The match with Shaw's Australian Team was a very remarkable one, as both elevens scored 79 each in their first innings. The Australians followed with 126, but Shaw's team could only get the miserable total of 37.

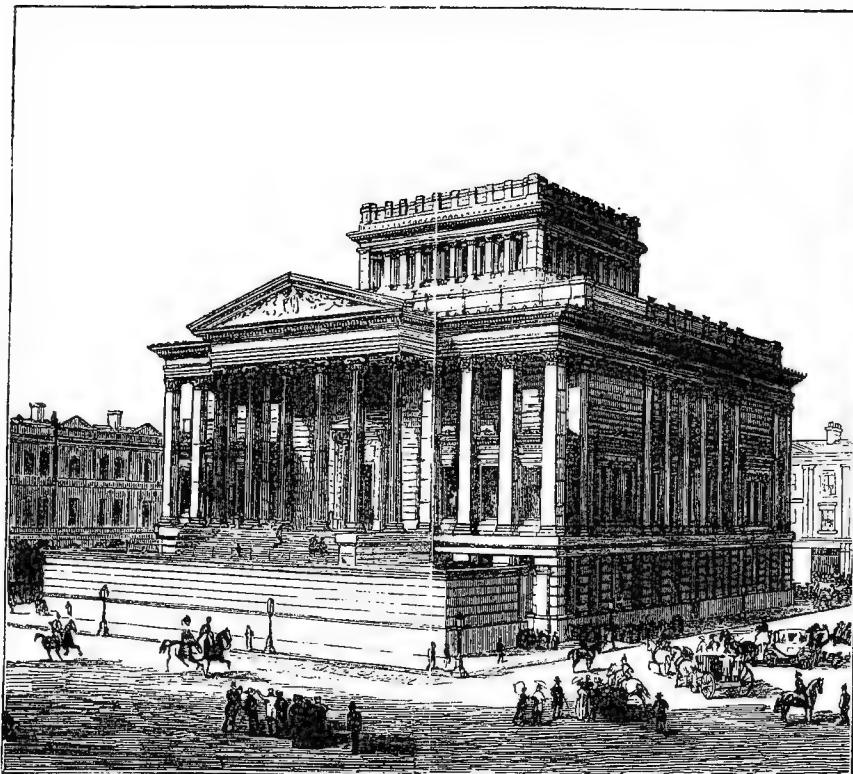
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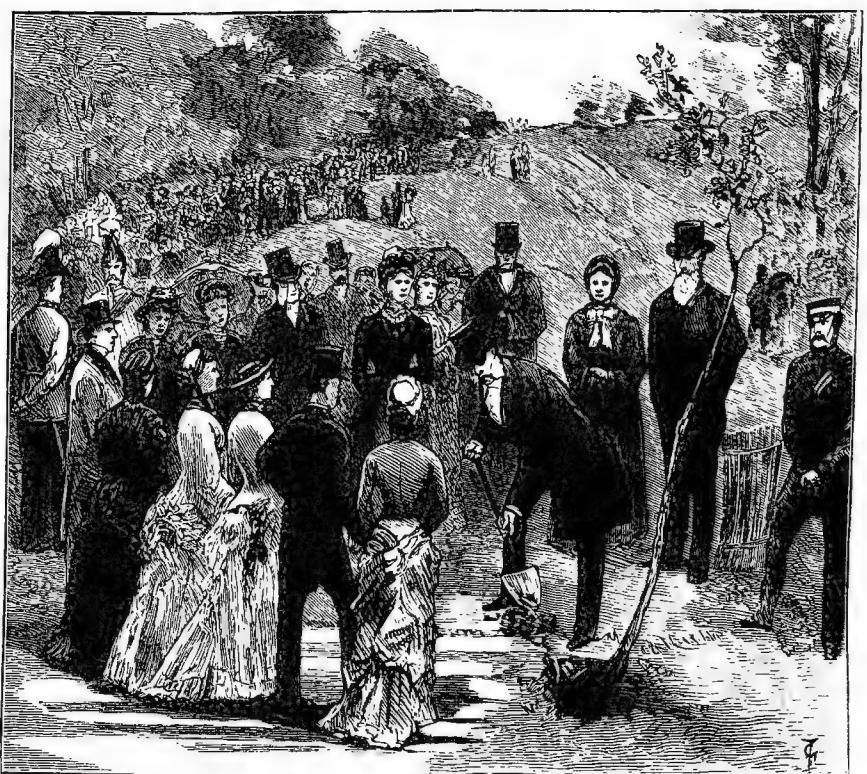
THE SHAMBLES, OLD PRESTON



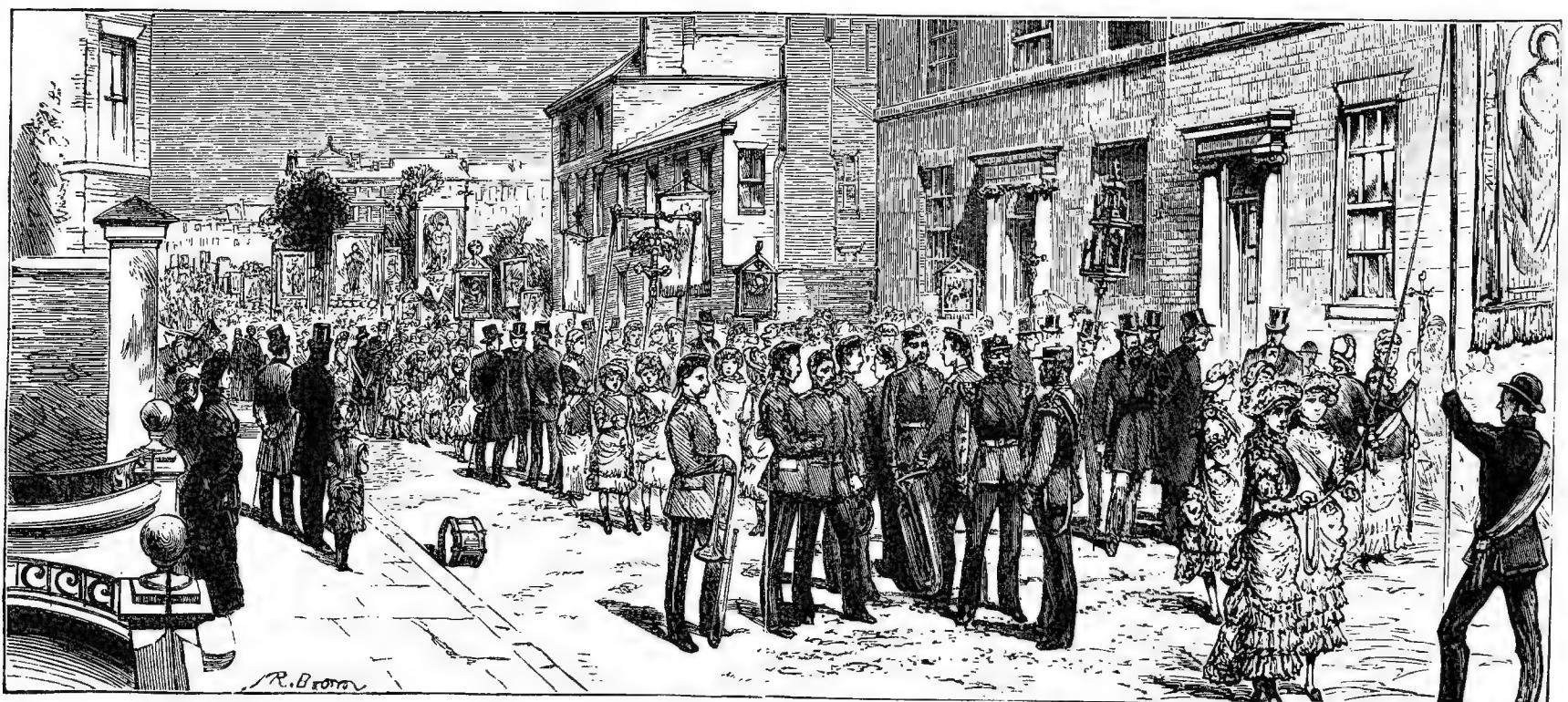
MILLER PARK



THE PROPOSED FREE LIBRARY

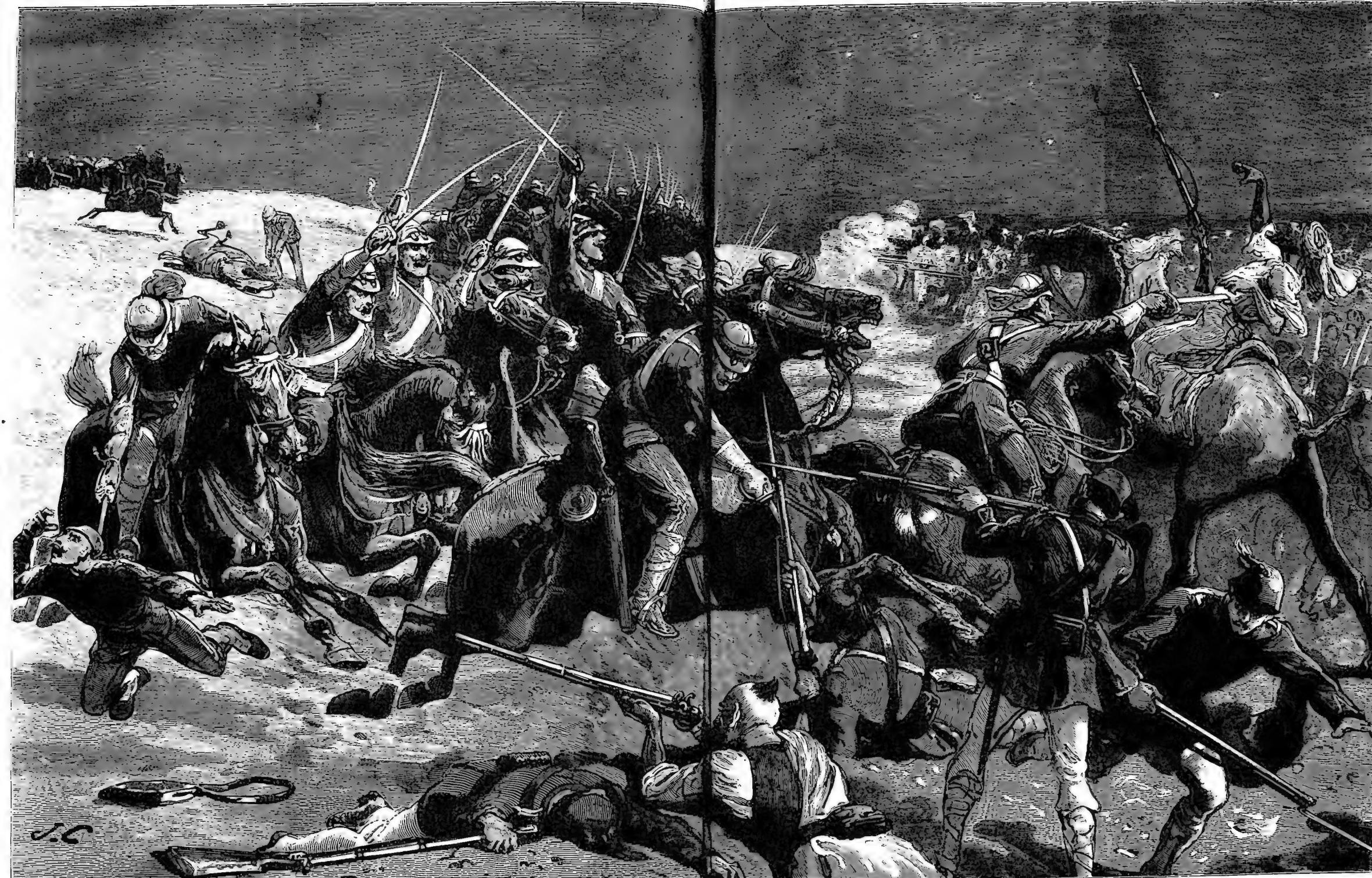


THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE PLANTING A MEMORIAL TREE IN AVENHAM PARK



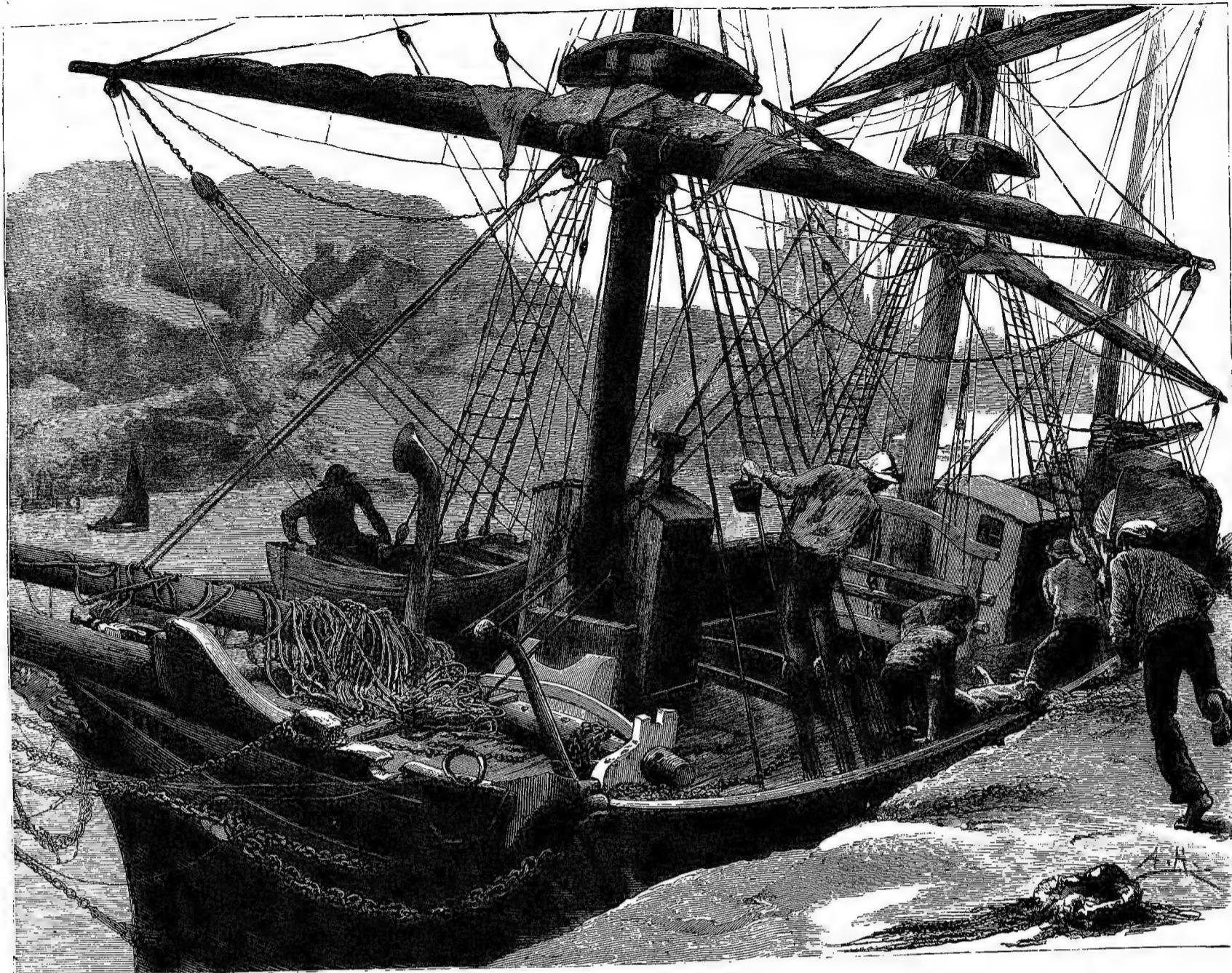
THE ROMAN CATHOLIC GUILDS MEETING IN WINCKLEY SQUARE

THE PRESTON GUILD FESTIVAL



THE WAR IN EGYPT—THE CHARGE OF THE HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY UNDER COL. EWART, C.B., AT KASSASSIN, AUG. 28

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

A sailor fell from the mainmast of a ship in Mogadion harbour, and fractured his skull.

KIT—A MEMORY

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "A GRAPE FROM A THORN," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE WHEEL OF TIME

THERE are two blows which are fatal to friendship (though not to love), the one from the hand of absence, the other from that of wrong. In the former case death is gradual, in the latter immediate.

If we discover, for example, that our friend has committed an act of meanness, it is necessarily all over with him as regards his relation to ourselves; we may forgive him—it is easy to forgive; but we cannot press his hand again, for he is not, as the phrase goes, "the man we took him for"; it has been a case of mistaken identity all along. We may still have a kindness for him, and the sincerest pity; but all sympathy is over. This was Frank Meade's case as regarded Trenna Garston. As a friend she was dead to him. The old Trenna Garston, in her strength and purity, and with her devotion (by no means free from trial) to her only brother, had no longer any existence; in her place was an inscrutable being in whom he still felt an interest (indeed as a student of human nature a very deep interest), but whom he could no longer even admire. Her very beauty was almost repellent to him; and he was but two-and-twenty! Her crime was not the only thing that had created this unnatural state of things; it was the way in which she appeared to contemplate it.

It would have been as easy to him to forget that as to forget that answer of hers, "What for?" when he had hinted that every shilling of hers would be bespoken for some time to come. She had not even a sense of the imperative necessity of restitution. In Frank's eyes her proper course would have been to go to her father and confess all: "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy daughter." But as to this he admitted there might be excuse for her; it flitted across his mind, as such humorous notions will do, even on the most supreme occasions, that notwithstanding her offence, or even because of it, she might not be so very unworthy of such a parent. But at all events her behaviour since her wrongdoing had not in any way redeemed her in Frank's eyes, but rather the contrary. He was by no means a hard man, but his sense of right was strict and well-defined. Perhaps the circumstance which had disgusted him most in her was the flippant explanation she had given to Maud of the intention of suicide that had been laughingly imputed to her: "I had no confidence in Mr. Meade's carrying out the contract." He did not reflect that there is nothing more difficult to which to make reply than a truth spoken in jest, especially in the hearing of one who knows it to be a truth; nor did he understand what Kit could have told him, that

when the heart is heavy and the soul is sick, a sportive answer is not seldom that which lies readiest to the tongue.

The result of it all was that though from time to time Frank gave Trenna Garston the opportunity of speaking to him upon a certain matter, if she wished to do so, in a general way the young man shunned her society. Indeed he never met her except at the Medways, where on the other hand she was almost always to be found.

The changing leaf had invested the Knoll with new beauties; lapped in the serenity of autumn, it looked forth over its sheltered lawns and walks, and met the distant gaze of winter without fear, but the inner life of the place was sadly altered. Kit's breezy laugh no longer awoke the echoes; he had returned to college, as had been agreed upon, and had taken Mark with him. Even in a large family, if it be a united one, the departure of one of its members has socially a serious effect upon it; imagine then the gap made in this little household by the absence of its idol! Kit too was almost one of themselves, and in some respects even more missed. With him the life of the house, so far as brightness and gaiety went, had departed.

Yet, strange to say, to one of its tenants at least, his absence was almost a relief. For a few days after Maud's escape from that river wreck she had held herself, as it were, at Christopher Garston's disposal; gratitude, familiar association, and something which if it was not love might easily have ripened into it, would have combined together to make her his own, had he sought her hand. But he did not do this; he had contented himself with that indirect avowal of his affections with which we are already acquainted. To Maud, who in those days watched him narrowly, it seemed that he had

something on his mind which oppressed it; that his gaiety was forced, and that on one occasion, at least, he had exhibited signs of nervous apprehension. Whatever was the cause of his silence, she was secretly grateful for it; for though, if at that time he had asked her to be his wife it is probable she would have accepted him, it would have been in part on compulsion, or rather as the discharge of an obligation. At all events the regard she honestly entertained for him would have required to be strengthened by certain considerations in order to take the form and complexion of love: a state of affairs among young ladies by no means unprecedented, or even uncommon.

As time went on these considerations lost something of their force; she was not one to forget an obligation of any kind, but she began to doubt whether her position was so precisely identical with "salvage" as she had on the first flush of gratitude been inclined to consider. Kit had saved her life, and at great risk to his own, no doubt, but was it not an exaggeration of gratitude to consider herself his property in consequence? Indeed, if such logic was incon-

testable, what did she owe to Frank Meade, to whose lot it had fallen to do her the like service? For Frank, though she had no such admiration for him as for Kit, she had certainly more respect; and she was not one whit afraid of him. It had not of old escaped her notice that he had occasionally shown signs of an attachment to Trenna; and it had struck her what a good husband he would make for her, or for any girl. He was always the same; not given indeed to exuberance of spirits, but always cheerful, kind, and unselfish. A few weeks ago it would have seriously disappointed her—for she loved her friend, and was very desirous to see her happily settled in life, and freed from her present domestic shackles—to have observed, as she now did, a certain coolness between Trenna and Frank. The former had never encouraged him, but she now appeared to avoid him; a course of conduct which was having its natural effect. This was so very marked that Maud had ventured to remonstrate with her friend.

"Why do you snub Frank so, Trenna?"

"Snub him? Snub Mr. Meade?" she answered, with a sort of amazed horror.

"Nay, if you don't mean to do so, your behaviour certainly gives one—and I am sure gives him—that impression. Now Mark is gone; I think we owe it to Frank to make things as pleasant as possible; and he is so good and kind."

"The best and kindest of men," was the unexpected reply. Trenna's voice was firm enough, but her eyes were tender and even tearful.

"Well, upon my word! Your way of letting him know what you think of him is certainly a peculiar one. He really doesn't understand it, and I positively feel it my duty to enlighten him."

"Maud, Maud, I beseech you not to jest upon this subject. Once for all, if there were not another man in the whole world save Mr. Meade I could not marry him."

"But why?"

"Nay, do not ask me that. If you love me, Maud, you will never do so; you will never speak to me on that topic again. Mr. Meade and I are nothing to one another, and never can be. Let that suffice you."

Of course Maud did not push her inquiries further. She had heard enough, if not to satisfy her curiosity, at least to occupy her thoughts for some time to come. The conclusion she came to was that Kit's over-mastering influence had put an end to all Frank's attraction, if attraction he had ever had, for Trenna.

What violent antipathies Kit had, and what an indomitable will! What a dangerous man, something even whispered to her, to whom to entrust one's happiness for life!

It was an immense relief to her that Trenna no longer as usual took opportunities of singing her brother's praises. At one time Maud had had her suspicions that Kit had enlisted his sister as his advocate, to plead his cause for him with herself; but if so, she had now thrown up her brief.

From Mark, at Cambridge, there came pages of eulogiums of his friend which Mrs. Medway would sometimes read aloud to the two girls; but from Trenna, though she showed herself sensible of her hostess's kindness in so doing, they elicited no response. She spoke of her brother with her usual affection, but as to his merits, upon which she used to be so eloquent, she was dumb.

What was also noteworthy in Maud's feelings, though she herself was unaware of its significance, these laudatory epistles about Kit found but a faint echo in her mind. When love has really got possession of us, all praise of the beloved object is welcome; we revel in it, as a poet delights in the praise of his own verses; and we find no fault in the manner of its bestowal, even when laid on with a trowel, as Mark Medway laid it on in Kit's case. But Maud only smiled at her brother's exaggerated phrases, and was even inclined to think him a little infatuated about Kit.

She did not tell Frank Meade that; and, indeed, it would have been quite unnecessary; she was well aware what Frank had always thought of her brother's friend; and under present circumstances as she pictured them (*i.e.*, with Trenna sundered from him by Kit's machinations) he was not likely to take a more favourable view of his character.

Frank never volunteered a remark against Kit; in his eyes the absent were as the dead; but he agreed with Maud when she had expressed the opinion that it was a pity Mark was so completely under his influence. It would counteract in some degree the very benefit which it was supposed he would derive from college life, the effect of change. In going with Kit he had taken, as Maud observed, his home-atmosphere with him.

"Well, at all events, a familiar atmosphere," Frank had replied.

He did not choose to identify Christopher Garston with the tenants of the Knoll; indeed, notwithstanding what he knew of her, he was less displeased to see Trenna Garston made one of the family at the Knoll than her brother. In those days Frank naturally took his place there, and, since Trenna and he avoided one another, was thrown into much more familiar relations with Maud than had been the case before.

The more she saw of him the more she liked and respected him. Hitherto Kit's wit and brilliancy had thrown the other's more solid merits into the shade; his character had now for the first time a fair field in which to show itself. She had known him to be honourable, unselfish, kind, and sensible; but she had not appreciated his mental qualities. Without being a prig, his thoughts were graver than those entertained by most men of his age; this was also, indeed, the case with Mark, but Mark lived in the Past, almost as much as Mr. Penry. Frank's interests were in the Present, and the Future; in human life and human nature, and above all in his profession.

And as there is no calling so interesting to him that follows it as that of the surgeon, so there is none that can be made so interesting to others, by one who knows how to talk of it without "talking shop."

It is doubtful whether Othello as a Healer would have made him quite so agreeable to Desdemona as he did in his capacity of a Slayer; stories of breaking bones would have been probably more to her taste than any narratives of mending them; she was, I am afraid, one of those young women who love the "dear darling military." But Maud was of a higher class. The troubles and catastrophes of human life awakened her sympathies; and this was especially the case, of course, if they took place near home.

It happened, for example, that a sailor fell from the mainmast of a ship in Mogadion harbour, and fractured his skull. Dr. Meade had done his best for him, and at once—for the accident had happened opposite his very door—but the case seemed irremediable, and it was a very sad one. The poor fellow was a native of the place, who had returned from a long voyage that very day, and was to have been married to the girl of his choice in a few weeks. She had been counting the hours after his vessel had been telegraphed as having passed the Lizard, had beheld the first "gleam glittering on the sail that brought her love up from the under-world," and then the next news of him was that he had been killed in harbour. He was not killed, but lay without sense or motion, and so would lay—said the doctors in counsel—till the breath, which was all that remained to him of life, had fled. Science had done what it could for him, and in vain. Maud knew the girl, as she knew most of her poorer neighbours, and her heart bled for her, as well it might. She was with her lover day and night, but her ministrations were more like those which are paid to a corpse than to a sick man, and hardly of more use. "If he could only know me before he died," was her one pitiful cry; but the doors of sense were shut.

When all hope seemed gone, Frank Meade proposed to his father that a certain experiment should be tried; it had occurred of course to his seniors of the profession, but had been rejected on account of some peculiarities in the case. "If we trepan him," Doctor Meade himself had said, "we shall kill the man at once." His son thought differently, and got leave to try his hand, which indeed was a very skilful one, and the experiment succeeded. It was judged to be a miracle of healing, by which Frank Meade brought his patient back to Life and Life. Next to the girl, for whom this man had been rescued as if from the grave mouth, this cure most delighted Maud. She learnt from it, for the first time, what immense possibilities of good lie in the hand of man, and to revere him who utilises them. Frank was modest enough in his recital of the matter, but if Kit could have been aware of its effect on Maud he would have said something epigrammatic, and (as generally happens in epigrams) unjust, about "trepanning." She had certainly never admired any human being as she now admired the young surgeon; she did not—perhaps she dared not—praise him with her own lips, but she told him what Agnes Floyd (the sailor's sweetheart) had said about him; which made him blush to the ears. Everybody congratulated Frank except Trenna; which distressed him, because he knew the reason; she thought herself too far fallen in his sight to have aught to do, or say, with any deed of good.

Strangely enough this incident, which had drawn Maude so nearly towards the young surgeon, was in the end the means of separating them; it made such a noise in the provincial medical world that the echo of it reached London, and resulted in an invitation to Frank from the authorities of a certain hospital. The opening was too "promising" to be declined, and to the old doctor's grief (and pride) his son left Mogadion to try his fortune in town. At Christmas he was to return for a few days, when Mark and Kit would also be at home for the vacation. But in the mean time gloom and silence fell upon the Knoll indeed.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CHANGE IN MARK

The reasons for sending our sons to college are as numerous as the excuses for "liquoring up"—and as fanciful. If the young man is well-born and well-provided for in this world's goods, his parents justly think that it is expedient for him to make friends of his own rank on the threshold of life, who may last him even to its close; which is the case of one in ten. Or if his wealth has been recently made for him, Heaven knows how, and his "belongings" are the reverse of "poor and honest," it is natural enough that they should wish him to mingle early with real gentlefolks and acquire their manners, and if possible, their tone; which is the case of one in

fifty. If the young man is poor and the idea is that he should distinguish himself and gain scholarship and fellowship, it is an intelligible one enough, only considering the odds against either event (and far less the double one), coming off, the parents who entertain it must be of an uncommonly sanguine disposition; but supposing their offspring shows no great capability or desire for study of the classics or mathematics (which is the case of seven lads out of eight), they must needs have other aims. He does not want polish like the *nous homo*, he can't afford to waste his time like the *nati consumere fruges*; and no one but a madman, or a College Fellow, will venture to assert that the University education which such a one is likely to get will fit him for any calling whatsoever. Then why do his parents pinch themselves to send him to College? I think, if the truth were told, and making allowance for the superstition as regards the advantage of a College education, that they do it with the vague hope of his making friendships which will be of material advantage to his future. A circumstance which takes place in real life about as often as the blossoming of the aloe.

This last was at all events the reason why Mr. Garston of Mogadion had sent his son to College. As for manner, there was no man in all Cambridge (except the Public Orator, whose *raison d'être* it was to be distinguished in that way), who could hold a candle to Christopher Garston for address and grace; and as for "tone," young men of his individuality and force of character so far from being impressed by their contemporaries leave their mark on them. Of all places under Heaven, the University (because it is a shifting population every three years renewed) is the one least likely to keep a man's memory green; yet Christopher Garston was remembered there for many a year after his departure from that transitory scene. There was no record of him among the notabilities in the College annals; he did not gain—or indeed strive for—so much as a declamation prize. His name was unknown in that other branch of University distinction which so ludicrously asserts itself (and is still more ludicrously believed in) side by side with University honours—the river. He was not a "good oar," nor even a "good bat." As he was wont to say in his characteristic way, "There is nothing wooden about me." Nor was he a "fast man" in the ordinary sense. He did not hunt with the Drag, nor indulge in any of the lavish dissipations which purchase fame at College cheaper, after all, than it can be got in the world beyond it. And yet when Mark Medway went up to St. Boniface he found Christopher Garston the best-known man of his year, and by very far the most popular.

He was no toper, but he was the life of a wine party; he was no scholar, but he enlivened the studies of the unlearned as the most graphic of lecturers failed to do, and suggested emendations such as certainly had never entered into the mind even of that ingenious personage the "German commentator."

At the Union he was *facile princeps*; a bright and brilliant speaker who never hesitated between an epigram and his principles, while as a companion his attractions were so highly thought of that to be seen walking arm in arm with him was a reputation.

For it was well understood that the one thing Christopher Garston would not endure for an hour was to be bored. For much of his friend's peculiar greatness Mark was prepared. He thought it nothing strange that the man whose attractions had captivated him from boyhood should have taken other's hearts by storm and held them; but what did strike him as remarkable was the genius for economy that his friend Kit exhibited. The manner in which he contrived to live (as Kit too assured him, and with truth, without incurring debt) was marvellous, considering the very moderate income allowed him by his father. He occupied one of the best sets of rooms in College, and had furnished them with taste and elegance without apparently the least regard to expense; while when he entertained his friends, which was not seldom, it was in a fashion that fell little short of splendour. Kit's explanation of how all this was done was satisfactory enough, so far as it went. "The secret is," he said, "that I pay ready money for everything;" but it did not seem to go far enough back. Like the argument in favour of the development theory the weak point was at the beginning; and "Where did he get the ready money?" was the question that even Mark could not help occasionally asking himself. As he began, however, to appreciate his friend's eminence, this little problem ceased to trouble Mark; so much more amazing than Kit's making a little money go a great way seemed the reputation he, an unknown lad from Mogadion, had made for himself in the University world.

"What a proud man your father would be, Kit, if he knew what men thought of you here!" Mark had observed admiringly.

"I hope he will be content to take your word for it, and not come up to see for himself," returned Kit, laughing.

"But why not?" inquired the other, who knew that Mr. Garston, senior, entertained no expectation of Kit's taking honours, and had no illusions as to many fathers have, to be dispelled as to his son's hard reading, &c., &c. "Why shouldn't your father come and see you?"

"Well, you see, no fellow wants his popularity to be put to so severe a strain," was Kit's cynical reply. "Seriously, my dear Mark," he added, perceiving his friend look grave (for there were occasions when Kit's sentiments shocked Mark not a little, though he made allowance for most things in him, and deprecated his being tried by an ordinary standard), "seriously the governor would not understand my position here at all. He believes that I am ingratiating myself with all the 'hat fellow commoners'—the nobility were so called in Cambridge in those days—and looking out for law business among sucking millionaires; whereas, as a matter of fact, I am enjoying myself. Now, if on the other hand, you could persuade your mother and Maud to come we could make it very pleasant for them."

"And Trenna," suggested Mark; "that indeed would be very jolly. How delighted she would be to see you such a favourite."

"Yes; she would be able to tell my detractors in Mogadion that, like Miss Sneylluccie's papa in the neighbourhood of the stage door, I am appreciated here," answered Kit, with his pleasant smile. "But, unfortunately, the governor would never spare her. No, I shall take my degree next term, and then climb the high stool in my father's office with nobody but yourself, my dear fellow, to witness to my former greatness."

As to Kit's being comfortable in that elevated position, even Mark had his doubts about it; though he did not understand how very high a horse for the last three years his friend had been riding, or how incompatible that equestrian style is with that of lofty sedentarieness. Even as matters stood, Kit's mode of life did not admit of a very close companionship with Mark, though they continued the best of friends. With the majority of Kit's acquaintances Mark found himself out of his element; his own habits, though far from being unsociable, were retired; his delight was to ensconce himself in some snug corner of the college library, and there to surround himself with old-world books such as no one else ever took down; as to the ordinary studies of the place, he took little interest in them, though what was necessary to be read he dutifully perused. He could have done the very moderate amount of work required of him—though, as Kit observed, dull folks might have to take their coats off to do it—with one hand tied behind him.

Thus it happened that Mark, like Kit, had a good deal of time on hand to dispose of as he pleased, or as circumstances led him to use it. He took long walks in the neighbourhood of the University, sometimes with his *alter ego*, sometimes with a more grave companion, sometimes alone. Cambridge was a new world to the hitherto sequestered young student, and though he still differed much from the majority of his contemporaries, it had its effects upon him. At first, for example, it seemed to have completely fulfilled the object

for which he was sent to college. His depression of spirits disappeared, and he took quite an unexpected interest in all around him. There was even a period when he exhibited a strange excitement and exultation, which would certainly not have escaped Kit's notice had he been less wrapped up in his own pursuits and pleasures. And then again as the term drew near its end he became melancholy and *distract*.

"What kind of place is Cambridge in the vacation?" Mark asked of his friend one day.

"Oh, dull enough. The place is deserted, or rather seems inhabited by a set of sham undergraduates, parodies of the originals. The gyps go about in their masters' clothes."

"Still I should think the experience would be interesting, if only from the contrast."

"It may be for twenty-four hours, but think of the men that are left, and who would form your sole society! The mathematicians who are in for Honours, and whose only relaxation is a two hours' constitutional along the Baddington Road; men who have a red mark on their foreheads from the wet handkerchiefs they wear there to keep them awake o' nights. But I have noticed, you like the Baddington Road yourself."

"Well, yes; I think it is one of the nicest walks about here."

"Perhaps," replied Kit indulging in a slight yawn, for even with Mark he was susceptible to boredom; "for my part they all seem very much alike, flat (certainly flat), stale, and unprofitable." How different from the glorious ups and downs of Mogadion."

"True; I like them, however, very well in their way. As to staying up in the vacation, by the bye, I suppose unless one is a scholar there is a difficulty in getting leave to do it."

"Well, one must at least have the reputation of being a reading man. I don't think my tutor would let me do it, for example. He would be afraid, with so much idle time on my hands, of my getting into mischief. Dear old Tottles (such was the familiar manner in which the young gentlemen at St. Boniface spoke of their tutor, Mr. Totham) thinks we ought all to be tied to our mother's apron strings."

"Tottles is a very good, kind fellow, though."

"No doubt; but not exactly a man of the world. What strikes me as so curious in the Dons here is that they seem to know nothing beyond the four walls of their Colleges, except what they read in books. And such books! They forget what they knew of the outside world when they were undergraduates."

"I am not quite sure," observed Mark, on whose ear this criticism had apparently fallen unheeded, "but I am inclined to think I shall go in for the Moral Science Tripos."

"Very good. Why not? It will be unexpected pleasure to your mother to hear of your going in for anything except Ruins and Druids. Only it will be time enough to think of the Tripos two years hence."

"Yes, but not to read for it—your friend Braithwaite, by the bye, is great at Moral Science, is he not?"

"Great? I don't know about his being great at anything. Why should he be, my dear boy, when he will have twenty thousand a year of his own? That is a man worth cultivating; not because of his wealth, but of his opportunities. When he has taken his degree he will be his father's partner. By Jingo! if I had but a tenth-part of his chances, at five-and-twenty years of age at most, I should be the richest man in England."

"That is an unfortunate date to fix upon, my dear fellow," said Mark, smiling; "if you remember what you told us under the walls of Penarvon."

"True; I had forgotten my little compact with Beelzebub. As an attorney in embryo, however, I am inclined to think that will not hold good, since it was made when I was a minor."

At this notion they both laughed; it was significant of the change which a couple of months at Cambridge had wrought in Medway, that the matter which had something of seriousness for him at the time of its revelation now only awoke his mirth.

The topic of staying up during the vacation was pursued no further, and it might easily have escaped Garston's memory that Mark had ever mooted it, but for something that took place a few days later.

Braithwaite, dropping in at his rooms to lunch, chanced to mention that he had just met Medway at their tutor's.

"I had no idea," he said, "that your antiquarian friend stooped to anything so modern and trifling as the Moral Sciences. It seems he is going in for the Tripos."

"The Tripos? Why, this is only his first term."

"Just so, that is exactly what Tottles told him. Medway wanted leave to stay up here for the vacation. It is impossible, my dear sir, that I can give a freshman leave to stay up for any such purpose."

Kit laughed with his companion at Mark's simplicity, but when Braithwaite left him his face grew grave enough.

"Wants to stay up alone here to read the Moral Sciences, does he?" was his muttered soliloquy. "So, so, my dear Mark; this must really be looked to." Then in unconscious imitation of another sagacious student of human nature he added, thoughtfully, "I wonder who she is?"

(To be continued)

A RHINE W(H)INE

A FACT

"AND you mean to say you'll swim down the Rhine to the picnic?"

"Yes, Miss Carrie; every inch of the way. I'll start from the baths, send my clothes on by a cart, and meet you when you arrive in the carriage."

"Well, if you do, Mr. Beecher, you shall sit next me at the lunch as a reward. What do you think of that? But be careful, and don't run any risks; the current, you know, is very strong in some places."

"What's this, Miss Carrie?" said I, joining in the conversation.

"Is Beecher going to swim down to-morrow?"

"Yes, he says so, but I don't think he can manage it."

"Well, if he can, I can, and, to prove it, I'll swim with him." The fact was, I was very jealous of Beecher, and, being a good swimmer myself, I was determined not to be outdone. But, in order to explain the state of my feelings, I must go back a little.

I was staying as a guest with my uncle and aunt at C— on the Rhine. They had come for a month's holiday, and, having no children of their own, had asked me to accompany them, an invitation which I very readily accepted, more especially as they had another guest in the person of Miss Carrie Danvers, the daughter of one of their oldest friends. I had before met Miss Danvers at their house, and on that occasion she had made "her mark" on my heart; and now, in the month we were to spend in each other's society, I calculated on being able to return the compliment; and I hoped, ere I again saw England, to have obtained her consent to become, at no very distant period, Mrs. McGrath—an arrangement which I felt sure would please my relations.

For the first fortnight of our stay at C— everything went happily and smoothly, and I congratulated myself on the progress I was making. But, unfortunately for me, while we were walking in the Kursaal Gardens, one evening after dinner, we came across the Beecher family, neighbours of my uncle, in England, and, who, finding him at C—, and being charmed with the place, determined to make a stay there also. I liked all the family except the

eldest son, Jack—in the Guards. Under other circumstances, I doubtless should have liked him; but, just now, he was in the way, very much in the way. He, too, was an old acquaintance of Miss Carrie, and, at times, I felt inclined to believe something more than an acquaintance. As I have stated above, I was jealous of him—and that is the long and short of the matter. Since he had arrived, I had not Miss Carrie to myself as formerly; Jack Beecher shared in our walks and conversations to an extent I did not approve of, but I am bound to admit his presence appeared to give the young lady considerable pleasure, and this made my pain all the more keen.

Some days previous to the evening on which I have introduced myself and friends to the reader, a picnic had been settled on at M—, a charming spot on the Rhine, some four miles below C—. The Beechers were all coming, and some other English folk, whose acquaintance we had made during our stay, together with two or three German officers stationed at C—.

The excursion promised to be a very pleasant one, and fine weather was all that was required to make the trip delightful. It had been arranged that we should drive down to M—, starting at eleven o'clock, and we were now discussing the final arrangements; and settling who was to be responsible for the salt, who for the spoons, and who for various other little necessities and comforts, which are generally found to be missing when the picnic cloth is laid.

"Yes," continued I, turning to Jack Beecher, "I'll swim down with you to-morrow."

"Thanks," replied he. "That will be very jolly. It would be rather solitary work by oneself. We ought to start about half-past ten, certainly not later; for, even with the stream in our favour, we shall not be able to go as fast as the carriages. Will that suit you?"

"Oh yes, that will do very well, indeed."

"All right; then I will make arrangements to-night for a man to take our clothes on in a cart, and I shall expect to see you at the baths at 10.30 sharp."

"Right you are, Beecher; I'll be there."

The conversation after this turned upon general topics, and in a short time our party broke up, and we retired for the night to our respective hotels.

The next morning after breakfast I found Carrie in the drawing-room at the piano, and as she was alone, I seized upon the opportunity of improving the occasion. I got her to sing; then I sang (I rather fancied my own voice in those days), and finally we tried some duets together. She was very nice and kind, and the minutes passed so rapidly, that when she at length asked me whether it was not time for her to go and prepare for her drive, I was astonished to find it was just 10.30. I knew I should be late for my appointment with Beecher, and so ran as hard as I could all the way, and arrived at the baths about ten minutes after time, and learnt that he had already started. I thought I could easily catch him up before he reached M—, so undressed quickly and plunged in at once. When I had proceeded a few yards I remembered about my clothes, and shouted back to the custodian of the baths, telling him to let the man have them with those of Mr. Beecher. He made some reply which I did not catch, and away I went, doing my best to overtake my rival. It was a glorious swim, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. The current was so strong that but little exertion was required. All you had to do was to keep your head above water, and the river did the rest. After going some two miles I turned a corner, and could just make out Beecher a long way ahead of me. I put on a spurt; but I didn't gain on him as I expected. He was a better swimmer than I had given him credit for being, and arrived at the destination a good five minutes before me. When I did arrive there, I found him seated on the bank dressing.

"Why, McGrath, is that you?" he shouted. "I thought you were not coming. I waited a few minutes for you, and then set off alone."

"I was rather late," I replied; "I didn't quite know how time was going."

"Oh well, it doesn't matter. You have arrived to the minute; for here are the carriages, so get out and dress at once."

I scrambled up the bank and dried myself.

"Where has the fellow put my clothes; I don't see them?"

"I'm sure I can't say," he replied. "Who did you send them by?"

"By your man."

"No, I'm sure you didn't; he started with mine before I commenced my swim. I saw him safely on the road, for fear of any mistake."

"Then mine haven't come. Good gracious! what am I to do?"

"My dear fellow, I'm awfully sorry; but I had no idea you would come, when you didn't show up at the right time, or I would have made him wait for you."

"Confound it!—this is a nuisance. I can't appear as I am, or at best, clad only in a couple of wet towels, can I?"

"No, that you can't," said he laughing, as I thought in a very unfeeling way. "And what is more, you can't stay where you are, for here are some of the ladies coming on the bank; into the water with you, quick."

There was nothing else for it, so in I went up to my neck.

"Now stay there quietly while I go and explain matters, and see what can be done for you," he shouted as he disappeared over the bank.

My temper was none of the best, and my thoughts were none of the most pleasant as I stood soaking in the Rhine. He appeared to have been away an hour when he at length returned, accompanied by a German officer.

"You can come out now," he shouted; "I have explained matters, and Lieutenant Linden here is kind enough to say he will lend you his military overcoat—it is a good long one, so you will be all right. Out you come."

Out I did come most promptly, with profuse thanks to Lieutenant Linden for his most acceptable loan. He was a tall man, and the garment reached nearly to my heels. I know I cut a sorry figure, and though I received a considerable amount of sympathy from the party when I appeared among them, still it was mixed with smiles and but partially-concealed laughter, which was most galling to my feelings. It was out of the question that I should remain longer in this single garment than was absolutely necessary, so I determined to at once return to C— and claim my clothes. Fortunately the man who had brought those of Danvers had not returned, and I was thus enabled to obtain a lift back, otherwise I should have had to have walked, as the carriages had returned at once, before my misfortune became known. The party all came down to the road to see me start, and now, as I look back on the incident, I can forgive the laughter they indulged in, for I certainly must have looked very curious—no hat, no boots or stockings, only a military overcoat, on a blazing day in July. Just as I was starting Carrie said, "Mind you are back again in time for the dinner, you are entitled to a seat by me, remember." "You may be sure I shall not be a moment longer than I can help," I replied, and away we drove. "Now my troubles are over," I thought; but I had calculated wrongly, for no sooner did we enter the town gates than I was arrested by the sentry on duty for appearing in the public streets without the full complement of regiments. In vain I urged, in the best German I could command, that I was not a soldier, and endeavoured to explain how I came to be in that get-up at all, but he would not hear a word, and for two mortal hours I was locked up in the guard-house before I was taken to the superior officer. Here I again went through an explanation, and this time with more effect, as I was liberated after receiving a warning to be more careful

in future, and make better arrangements about my clothes when next I swam down the Rhine. I didn't waste much time in getting my belongings and dressing, and was soon driving back to M—. When I arrived there I found dinner had been over some time, and I had to content myself with a solitary meal, as every one had wandered off in various directions. Just as I had finished and was regaining my good temper to some extent, Carrie and Beecher returned. They were very anxious to know the cause of my delay, and when I had concluded the account of my sufferings Carrie said, "And now we have something to tell you," and then followed a piece of information which, if I had received it before my meal, would have effectually driven away my appetite, and as it was it banished at once and for ever my idea of making her Mrs. McGrath. From that moment I date my dislike to Germany. To lose my clothes and be arrested was bad enough, but to lose my sweetheart was worse. I left for England the next day, and I've never seen the Rhine since, and I don't care if I never see it again.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY



B. WILLIAMS.—Book II. of "The Organ Olio," a collection of short pieces for the organ or harmonium, contains a varied and useful series of easy compositions in the form of sixteen original voluntaries, edited by Arthur H. Brown. Amateurs of the above instruments will be glad to come across the works of their favourite composers, thus easily arranged and placed within the power of a very medium executant.—Equally useful in their way are a series of "Violin Airs, with Variations and Accompaniments for the Pianoforte," arranged by John Pridham. No. 7 is the old familiar "In My Cottage Near a Wood," which, as a rule, is amongst the earliest tunes attempted by the student of any instrument, stringed or brass. No. 8 is "The Windsor Castle Schottische," a pleasing dance tune.—No. 9 is the well-known "Buy a Broom," so dear to the compilers of instruction books. Nos. 10, 11, 12, respectively, "The Keel Row," "Kinloch of Kinloch," and "Bonnie Dundee."—Youthful students of the pianoforte will be glad to hear that their friend W. Smallwood has been occupied on their behalf, and arranged a dozen more of his popular "Operatic Solos and Duets" for the pianoforte. Nos. 14, 16, and 17 are *La Fille du Régiment*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore* (Donizetti); Nos. 13, 22, and 23, are *Rigoletto*, *Ernani*, and *I Lombardi* (Verdi); Nos. 21 and 24, *Beatrice di Tenda* and *I Monteuchi ed I Capuleti* (Bellini); 15, *Zampa* (Hérod); 18, *Il Flauto Magico* (Mozart); 19, *Fra Diavolo* (Auber); 20, *Orphée aux Enfers* (Offenbach). These pieces are easy to learn by heart, and each one contains two or three of the favourite melodies of the various operas.

HUGO SCHMIDT.—A very charming and well-known German poem, "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume" (How Like a Flower Thou Bloomest), has been gracefully set to music by Thérèse Polonaski, with violin obligato and pianoforte accompaniment.—By the same composer is "Frühlinglied," a romance *sans paroles* for the violin, with a pianoforte accompaniment, a refined and melodious composition.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—A very excellent setting of the 22nd Psalm, "The Lord is My Shepherd," reflects great credit upon a young composer, L. N. Parker, A.R.A.M.; it is set to music for two equal voices. For the home circle or for a ladies' school this unpretentious composition will prove a great accession to the Sunday music *répertoire*.—"My Lips Shall Rejoice" is a fine song for a tenor who will take the trouble to study it carefully; the music is by J. Matthews, organist of St. James's Church, Swansea; it is not only arranged for the pianoforte and violoncello, but also scored for a full orchestra. This song merits a prominent place in a concert programme; originally published in A flat, a transposed edition may now be had in F.—For a tenor or soprano it is "Sere Tints Autumn," a poem admirably adapted from the German by M. A. Henderson, and set to music of no ordinary merit by J. Matthews.—"It Is Not Always May," one of Longfellow's exquisite little poems, which serve to "keep his memory green," has inspired A. H. Cox to a musical setting worthy of its graceful sentiments.—Very pathetic are both poetry and music of "The Waif," written and composed by H. Saville Clarke and Allan Macbeth, published in A minor and C minor.—"A Gavotte Allan Macbeth, published in A minor and C minor," for the organ, by J. Whewall Bowring, will take a good place in a secular concert.—Two good schoolroom pieces to prepare for the Christmas holidays are "Heloise," a caprice for the pianoforte, by Wilfred Bendall; and a "Torch Dance," by Cotsford Dick.—Well worthy of its refined exterior and grave title is "Regret," a valse, by B. D. Kilburn.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A nautical song, with a cheerful ending, is "Richer than Gold," written and composed by Hain Friswell and Roland Mott (Messrs. Reid Brothers).—We have heard the like of "The Inverernan March," by F. M. Schufrey, many times before, but it is tuneful, and showily arranged for the pianoforte (Messrs. Marriott and Williams).



HOPPING is now going on in Kent and Sussex, and the Borough daily receives consignments of early varieties. Prices are high and are likely to be maintained, as our recent estimate of 100,000 cwt. yield is now reckoned as liberal by many experts. Even the most hopeful do not anticipate a yield of more than 134,000 cwt., or 2 cwt. to the acre. But for the free supplies of German hops the brewers' difficulties would be very great. The number of hop-pickers at work is much smaller than usual, as there are so few hops to pick. The South-Eastern Railway is running no hop trains this year, and the Whitechapel emigration is sternly discouraged. Nevertheless a large number of wretched creatures have tramped from London only to find local labour ample for the reduced demand.

TRIFOLIUM FOR THE STUBBLES.—The present is a season when the practice of sowing trifolium seed into the stubble is likely to answer well, both because the harvest has been on the whole expeditious, and because there is abundance of moisture in the land to cause quick germination of the seed, and an early growth of the young plant. The comparative clearness of the land from weeds is an additional recommendation. Any absence of soil fertility may be made up by the employment of artificial manure, and the cheapness of seed tillage in the case of trifolium enables the farmer to allow himself a moderate expenditure on stimulating the seed's growth. Land that is manured should be "eaten off" about a fortnight before the blooming time, for when the stalks of the trifolium get sticky and hard, as they do at this period, sheep reject them. On poor or unmanured land trifolium yields but little till the blooming period, when, for the reason above named, it is unpopular with many farmers.

HORSES.—The purchase of six fine Clydesdales for America and of four others by the Russian Ministry of Agriculture are gratifying signs of the high repute British breeds of horses have abroad.—At the Dublin Annual Horse Sale, just held, excellent prices were realised, the offers ranging up to 280 guineas.—The horses shown at Shepton Mallet were few in number, but the excellent quality of the cart colts was some compensation. A falling-off in brood mares was a bad sign.

CATTLE.—Foot-and-mouth disease is still spreading in Stafford and Derby shires; in the former there being 120 infected parishes, and 47 in the latter county.—In the Northern Midland district nearly 1,000 animals have been attacked since the outbreak commenced.—We note that the entire herd of polled cattle belonging to Mr. Manson will be offered at Aberdeen on the 19th of October.

MR. DUCKHAM, M.P., ON AGRICULTURE.—Speaking at a local Show the other day, Mr. Duckham said that farmers should adopt the central, instead of the present unbusinesslike system of a variety of conflicting weights and measures. Mr. Duckham highly approved the "Vagrants Act" recently passed. As regards County Government, he was compelled to say that he had met with such a rebuff from a county "dignity," that he now would not "walk across the floor of the House" to vote for any Bill which was not exclusively representative. A very great change, he thought, was required in the present law of distress, especially with regard to the landlord's seizure of "agisted" stock.

SANDOWN CASTLE.—We are glad to see that Mr. Hayter Lewis, in the columns of *contemporary*, is now pleading, as we pleaded some weeks back, for the preservation of this historic fortress. "Sandown Castle," he says, "is the only object of antiquarian interest at Deal or Walmer," and without going quite so far, we fully agree that it is the principal building of true value in the district. We do not want to see the days of Mr. Ayrton return; and we hope Mr. Childers will countermand his order for the castle's demolition.

AGRICULTURAL TENANTS' COMPENSATION.—A letter has just been republished which well illustrates the sagacity and foresight of Sir Robert Peel. Writing about compensation to farmers for improvements, he explains that his objection to Mr. Pusey's Bill, which was intended to secure this, was that "the express specification of certain articles for which compensation could be claimed necessarily excluded the claim for such as were not specified." He had therefore recommended Mr. Pusey to add some such clause as this:—"For such articles of artificial or other manure as shall be named in the agreement between landlord and tenant." From 1849 to 1882 has been long enough to discuss the question: let 1883 see a settlement.

THE DUKE OF ATHOLE has planted two thousand acres of forest since the beginning of the year. Thus his grace repairs such accidents as that of the "Tay Bridge" gale, which uprooted eighty thousand trees throughout the wide possessions of the ducal forester.

THE EAST OF ENGLAND HORSE SHOW has just been held at Lynn, and the number of horses entered was very considerable, while the general high quality of the animals exhibited was much remarked. "Speculation" was the prize pony, and "Sir Edward" took the "County of Norfolk prize." The jumping contests were witnessed by a large and animated crowd.

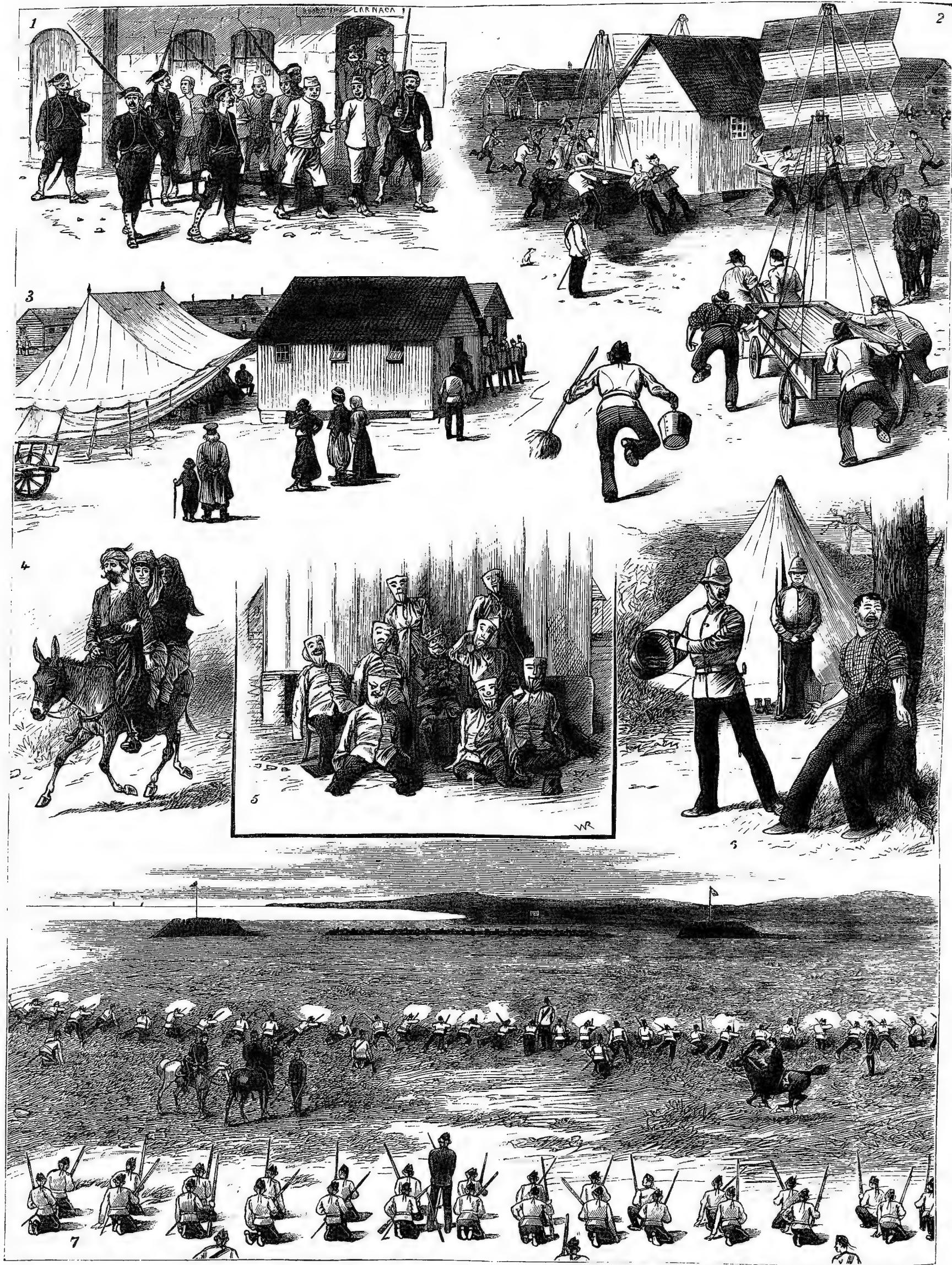
THE LEOMINSTER AGRICULTURAL SHOW was, we are glad to say, in all respects a success. The cattle, divided into thirteen classes, were of excellent quality, and the prizes awarded to "Lord Wilton" and "Verbena" were extremely well merited. Mr. Price's steers were remarkably fine animals, and Mr. Turner's heifers added to the attractions of the show. The sheep classes filled fairly well, and in quality were much above the average of local West-Country Shows. The pig show was a failure. A small show of excellent horses attracted favourable notice, and the jumping performances were such as to satisfy the expectations of the most exacting horseman.

THE DERBYSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held their annual Show. The first two classes of cattle were not well filled, and in the open class for pairs of cows in-calf or in-milk there were but two entries. In the class for pairs of heifers the Duke of Portland and Mr. Robson were the only competitors. The show of long-horned cattle was small, and Mr. Hall had two classes to himself. The Earl of Harrington was the only exhibitor in the Guernsey class. The Duke of Portland showed some very good sheep, but without his grace's aid the exhibition would indeed have been a poor one. Very few pigs were shown.

PRESTON SHOW has been very largely attended, owing to the general festivities going on in the town. The dairy cattle were well worth seeing, a critical observer, not easily satisfied, describing them as "really splendid." Cattle, sheep, and pigs were all a satisfactory exhibition. Among the animals most admired were Mr. Laurence's cow, "Christmas Gwynne," Mr. Foljambe's bull, "Bright Helm," and Mr. Street's "Maulden" sheep. The show of implements was very extensive, and the elaborate exhibitions of the great seed firms added to the attractions of the Show.

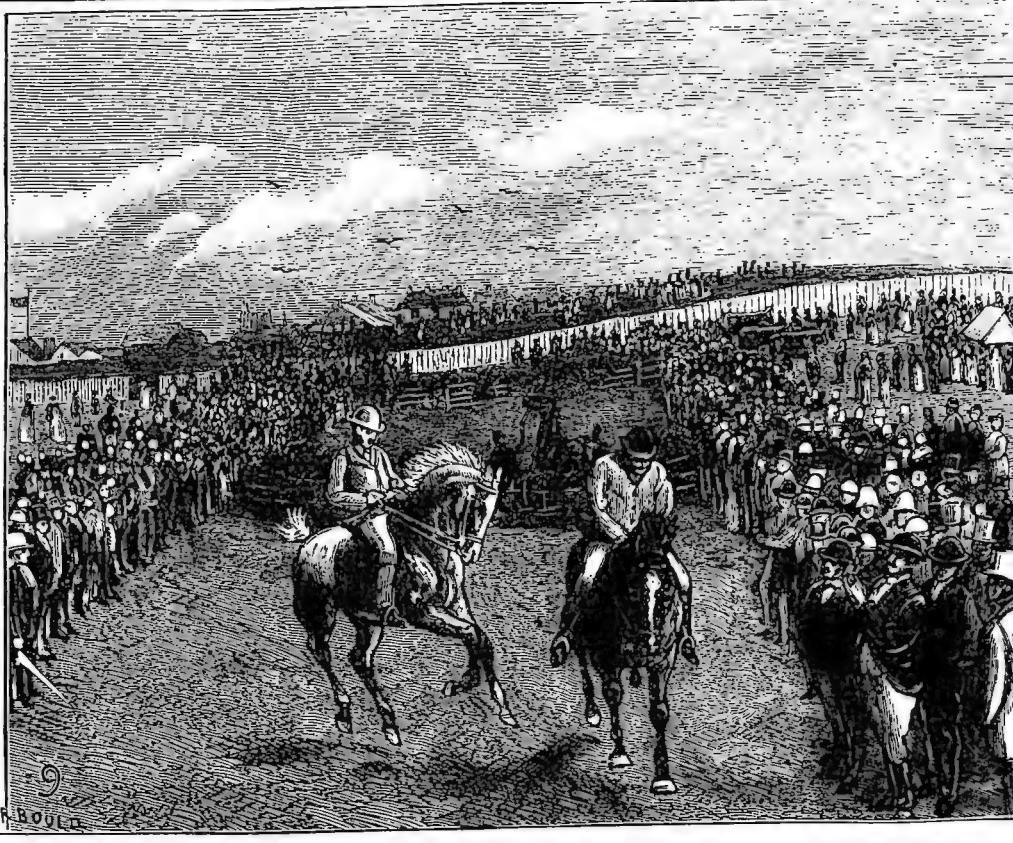
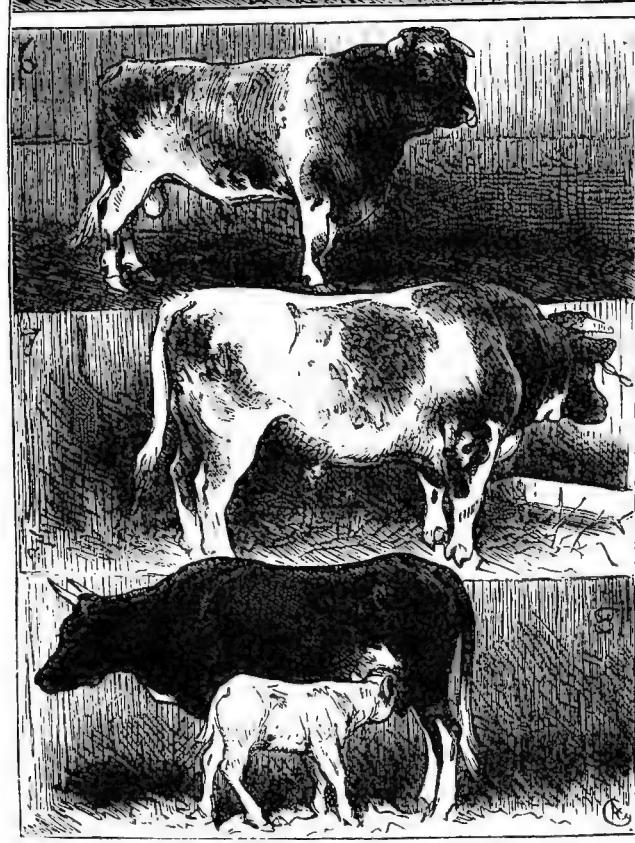
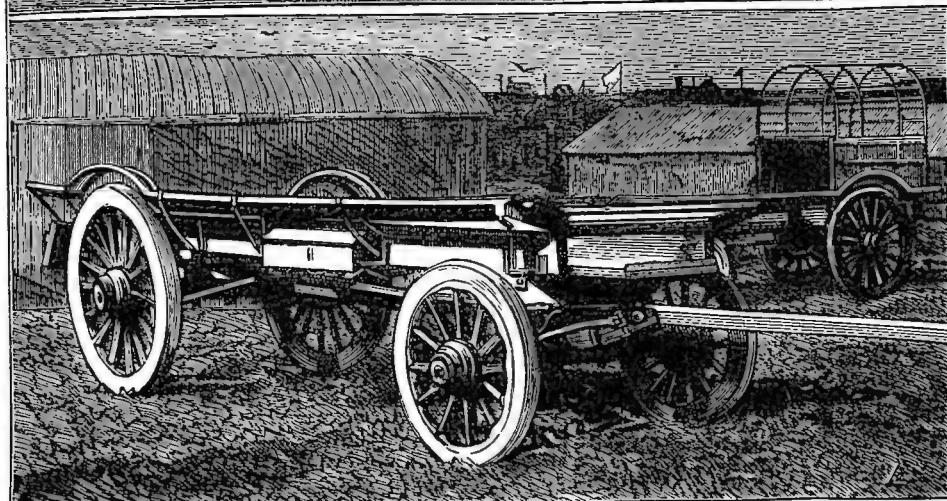
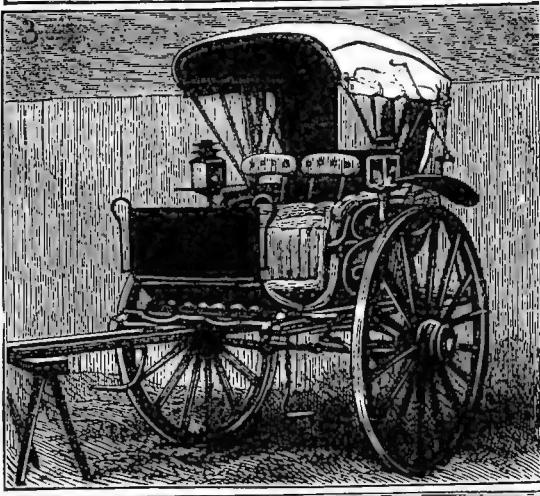
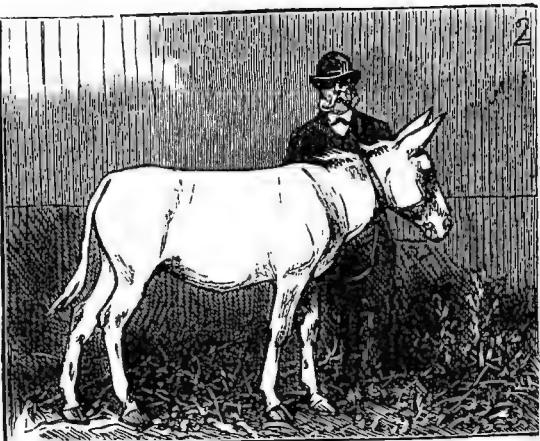
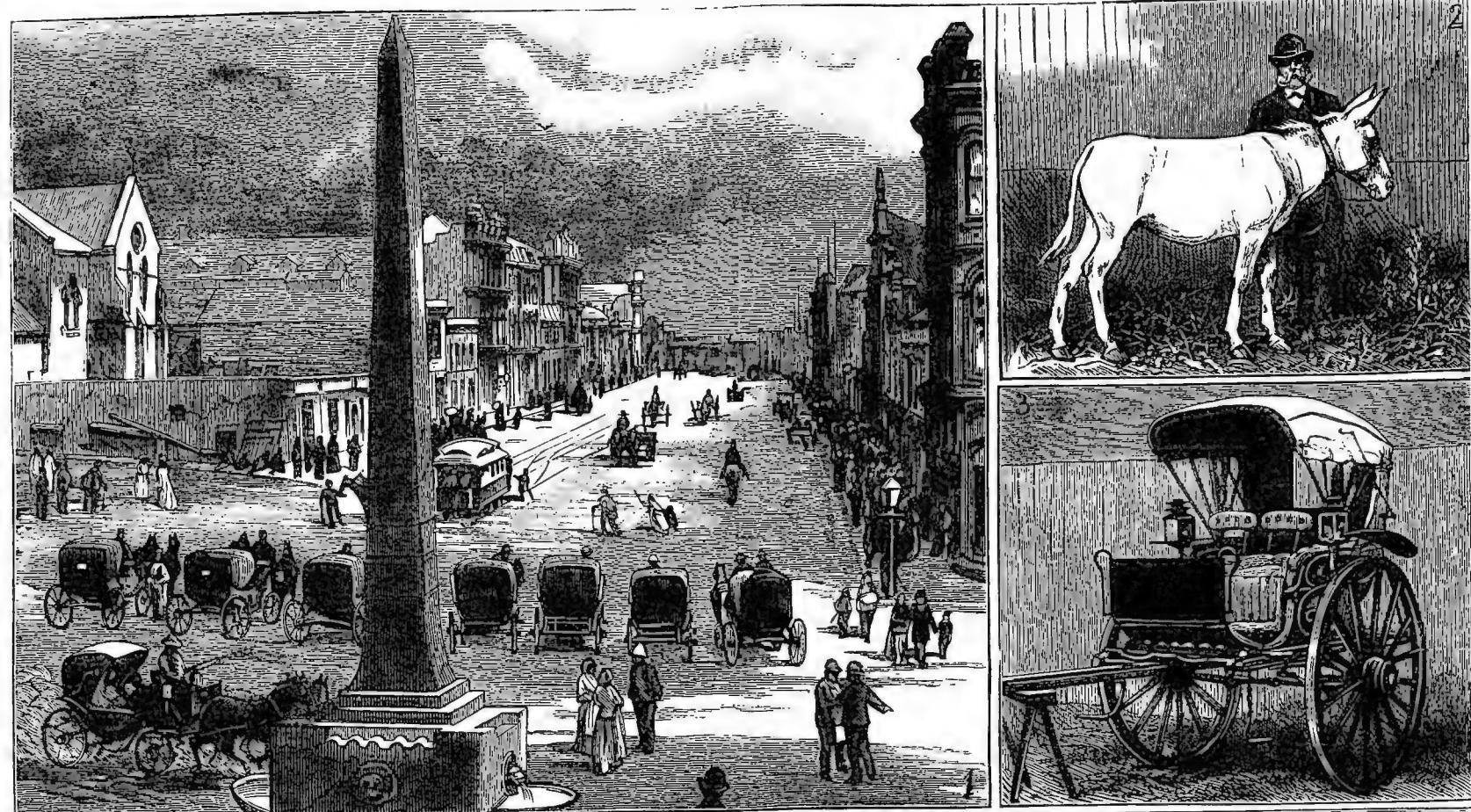


IN "A Mother's Idol" (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.) Lydia Hope has attempted the formation of an unusually comprehensive portrait gallery. As her title denotes, the principal study is that of a cold, hard, unamiable woman, with one soft place in her heart for a son whom her blind love injures far more than her ill usage injures all others who depend upon her. The story is told by the principal sufferer—one of those young ladies who never weary of telling how good they are, and how fascinating, beyond their own comprehension, other people find them. In this respect the novel shares the usual defect of autobiographical fiction in narrating what no self-respecting woman would narrate if its incidents were true. But this is merely equal to saying that nearly all lady novelists, who the more especially affect the autobiographical form, fail to distinguish between the classes of story to which it is applicable or the contrary. It is certainly inapplicable where the province of the heroine with whom we are to sympathise is to glorify her own virtues and to dissect the faults of others. In the present case the "I," that is to say Miss Muriel Sterling, performs both parts of her duty very well indeed. That she is charming to all who know her is as obvious as that most of the people who knew her are either exceptionally foolish or exceptionally disagreeable. From this classification not even her hero, Mr. Stewart, can be fairly omitted. He is one of those strong, middle-aged men, without good looks, who are very much the fashion in fiction, but he has an absurd taste for misunderstandings, and, from an incomprehensible spirit of self-sacrifice, makes over Muriel to a most contemptible and odious lover only because the latter is very ill, and says that if she will not promise to marry him he will die. Apart from the monstrosity of this transaction, the situation is made interesting by Lydia Hope's best quality—that of giving real life to her characters. She writes with spirit, and, though the tone of the novel is somewhat morbid and overstrained, it certainly stands above the average of fiction both in directness and consistency of purpose and in power.



1. Zaptiehs Marching Convicts Home After Work.—2. Fire Brigade Practice in Camp.—3. The Camp Schools and Church.—4. The Way the Greeks Go to Market.—5. Field Firing at the Salt Lake: Some Dummy Defenders of the Fortifications.—6. The "Royal Sussex" Cold Water Cure for Drunkenness.—7. Field Firing at the Salt Lake.

WITH THE "ROYAL SUSSEX" REGIMENT IN CYPRUS



1. Main Street (The Principal Street of Fort Elizabeth).—2. Zanzibar Donkey.—3. Prize Cape Cart.—4. Latest Colonial Made Waggon.—5. Wool and Mohair.—6. "Mainstay" (Recently Imported from North of Scotland).—7. Prize Bull, From Grahamstown.—8. Colonial Cow and Calf.—9. Leaping.

"Fortune's Marriage," by Georgiana M. Craik (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett), is one of those novels which depend for their interest upon the reader's minute and intimate knowledge of the several characters. With this object the authoress has devoted the earlier portion of her story to the object of ensuring this familiar intimacy, with the result of being more than a little tedious at starting. But her purpose is gained, and, the characters once fully painted, they and their sayings and doings become decidedly interesting. The plot is of too domestic a kind to call for special description, particularly as the merits of the novel, which are very considerable, are to be found rather in the manner of telling than of the story which is told. Those whose taste in fiction is of the quiet kind which prefers grace to strength, and who care more for reading about what people are than for what they do, will find a great deal of pleasure in the story of Fortune—a heroine's name which, so far as we are aware, has now made its first appearance in fiction. It is something to make us feel that we really know the people with whom we are to make a three-volume journey, and all the interest due to this result of dramatic skill Miss Craik may most fairly claim.

Mrs. Randolph has not yet exhausted the botanical dictionary in the search for new names for her heroines. Gentianella, Reseda, and a long list of other flower names has now been followed by "Iris" (3 vols. : Hurst and Blackett). Iris suggests pride : and she is therefore made proud, according to that curious prescience of a baby's future character which is enjoyed by the godfathers and godmothers of fiction. Being named Iris, she of course could not have grown up humble, even though her pride has nothing to do with the story. She is merely a very good girl, who comes to a good end. The real heroine is a very bad half-sister, named Eva, who is not proud at all. At first we thought her intended for a half-comic coquette, but, so far as she is concerned, Mrs. Randolph has for once been so ambitious as to try a flight of tragedy. After a course of scrapes innumerable, in all of which she most deservedly comes to misfortune, she startles the reader by suicide. The authoress has hitherto been marked for an avoidance of anything that goes below the surface of feeling, and, to judge from her portraiture of Eva, wherein she essays to go deeper, such avoidance has been well advised. Her popularity is due, since there is no other reason possible for it, to her talent for being sentimental both in and out of season—passion and crime have no more to do with her work than with a ball-room flirtation. We trust we are mistaken in our fear—though many symptoms tend that way—that Mrs. Randolph is making up her mind to become what is called "strong."

"Fetters of Memory," a novel, by Alfred Leigh (2 vols. : Remington and Co.). This also is an intensely sentimental story : indeed it aims at being nothing more. The plot turns upon the usual parting of two lovers by false reports and misunderstandings not cleared up till it is too late—at all events for a time. The prevalent use of this plot is sufficient evidence of its undying popularity. The tone of the novel is to the last degree harmless and mild, but is saved from total insipidity by the occasional cropping up of sensible remarks by way of salt to the over-sentimental flavour. On the whole, it will find full acceptance with many tastes.

HOPS AND HOP-PICKERS

THE disastrous failure of the hop harvest this year has attracted unusual attention to this branch of British agriculture, and a brief glance at the mode of culture may interest our readers. Hops are propagated from cuttings, which are taken in March from one-year-old hop-shoots, and bedded till autumn, when they are planted out in November as nursery-sets, in ground that is "double-dug"—that is, two spades deep, which insures fresh soil by the last spade being placed on the top. Squares or triangles being formed at a suitable distance—which, differing with districts, is from four to six feet—the roots, or "sets," are put in and left till June, when they are poled with short sticks that are four feet high, and the ground for that year is intercropped ; as though at the end of the twelve months the vines may perhaps bear slightly, they will not till the next year grow enough hops for picking. Then, if they have attained a sufficient height, they will need to be poled more strongly. The name for each separate clump of plants is "hill" in Kent, and "stock" elsewhere ; in the former case, four poles are put to them, and in the latter but two or three, though the Kentish mode is now rapidly spreading, as more hops to the acre can be grown that way.

The work in the hop-yard, which seldom ceases, begins in the month of March, when the ground is loosened by being "ploughed down," and the roots are "kerfed and cut"—that is, the soil about them is removed with a kerf or hoe, and the young branches cut down to within an inch of the stock. Then, after being exposed to the air for a day or two, a layer of fine mould is placed upon them, and in April they are duly poled, the length of the poles being regulated by the kind of hop grown, as while those that are only 12 feet to 14 feet high will suffice for some sorts, for others you must have poles that are from 16 to 20 feet long. When the poling is finished throughout the hop-yard, the young shoots are tied to them by women with rushes, and the ground is again "worked" between the rows by ploughing, scuffing, harrowing, and rolling it. The hops in May are then tied again ; the tying being repeated from time to time, as the branches get higher and stronger, a step-ladder being used when they have got out of reach. In June, when the hops are more rapidly climbing the poles, the roots are "earthed up" to about 18 inches, the clods in the rows being well crushed with a roller, and the weeds hoed up as they spring. Then, in July, when the hops are "linking" one with the other across the alleys, the lower branches are cut off three feet from the ground so that the plants may have air and light near their roots ; and the poles are looked over, so that those which are weak, if needed, may be strengthened or tied to their neighbours. This work goes on till the middle of August, and the grower waits till September, when the hops being ripe, they are picked and dried, and speedily got to market.

In Kent, for the most part, the "pickers" consist of the London East-end poor, but elsewhere, as a rule, of girls only, from Staffordshire ; thousands of them being wanted in the former case, and but hundreds in the latter ; as the hop, which is the sole crop in the chief hop district, has to share the ground with grain, grass, and fruit in the two cider counties of Worcester and Hereford. The rate of payment is from three-halfpence to threepence per bushel for picking, as the hops may be large or small, and many make money at it, as they are usually in full work for from three to five weeks ; but such is the failure of hops this year, that very few "hands" will be wanted, as in many hop grounds not a hop will be picked. Hop-picking may thus be briefly described. The branches—called "hop-wires," being cut at the base of each plant, the poles—with the hops on them—are pulled up and piled ; and two at a time are then laid on each "crib"—a long wide open sack, called "bin" in Kent—to have the hops picked from them by those to whom this task is allotted. These, in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, are always eight in number—women or girls—to every crib. Then, the crib being full, the hops are measured, and taken in sacks to be spread on the kilns, and, being exposed to the vapour of the fires that are below them, they are moved and turned till they have got quite dry. They are next taken to the hop-room to be well rolled ; and being afterwards wedged into bags and weighed, they are ready, when "marked," for market. The place where this steaming of hops goes on is called "oast-house" in Kent, and "hop-kiln" elsewhere. The fires are made of coke, not coal, and a good drier, in a dry time, will

make one ton of it serve for the drying of nearly a ton of hops. Were the crop to come oftener than once a year the driers would be short lived : as it is they get asthma from the sulphurous fumes, and a very few years disable them. Where both sexes are employed, as in Kent and Sussex, special arrangements for lodging the pickers are now generally made ; but where, as in Worcestershire, girls only are employed, the big barn with some bedding in it serves to house them at night, when the key of it is turned by the farmer ; at least, if he wishes to keep his fruit. The usual time for "the picking" is the first week in September, but for "first samples"—which fetch a sensational price—the hops are picked early in August, the sample being made up from the whole crop grown, with those that have ripened early—just a few here and there where they have been caught by the sun.

When the picking is over, the poles are piled, to remain in the hop-yard till wanted in April, and the wires from which the hops were picked are stacked in heaps and burned ; that is, if they have not already been cleared, as they are given by some while they are green to cows, and with others they serve for litter.

Fond as men are of growing hops the risk with them is constant ; in fact, nothing is more hazardous than hop cultivation ; as should the crop escape blight—which this year has destroyed it—it may be spoiled by one night's high wind, which, by bruising the hops, makes them brown and "foxey ;" and even when it has been sold as a good bright sample, it may all come back on the grower's hands again, if, through bad stowage in the warehouse, it shows signs of damp. Added to this, to pay but a margin on the cost of growth, it must fetch, one year with another, quite 5/- per hundredweight—though the cost is at the present day greatly lessened by the poles being "kyanised," which makes them last longer. Where two poles only are put to a stock, 2,000 will be wanted to the acre, and these must be chiefly ash, the price of which varies greatly ; but the rate for high and stout cut ones is from 20s. to 30s. per hundred, and for lesser ones, from 5s. to 12s. ; their cost by the acre, bought standing, being about 55/- Orie, which is cheaper, is sometimes used, as is Norway larch, and also Spanish chestnut ; but as the poles, on which so much depends, must be both high and strong ones, the best of the hop-men use ash only. To grow it for poles, you get plants that are four feet high, and plant them in beds from three to four feet apart, in good sloping ground that "backs to the sun," when the stems are painted, to about two feet high, with soot mixed up with milk, to keep the rabbits from peeling them. You then let them alone for five years, when, cutting them down to make them throw out strong shoots, you sell or use the short poles for pea-sticks. The plant then strengthens ; and in seven years from that time—or sooner if planted on strong red clay—it will be fit to be felled for poles ; and may again be cut every seven years, unless planted in a wood-clearing, when it takes much longer. In some districts the plants are so set in lengths or squares—in "woods," or "beds," as there are few or many—that a succession of crops is ensured where the growth is large, and thus poles can be cut each year. The time for felling is "after the fall of the leaf," in November or December—or after Christmas, as farm-work may offer—and it is done by men with hammers or axes, who chop them off at the butt, and leave the root, called "stool," in the ground ; from which fresh poles grow up in the course of years, to be again cut down when fit. When this has been done in the clearing of a wood, the effect, for a time, has a certain charm ; as, owing to the air and the light let in, the butts get prettily tangled up with wood-anemones, primroses, foxgloves, and hyacinths.

After the poles have been cut and collected, the next step—if for home use, and not for sale—is to fit them for "poling," which is done in this way. Each pole being "sharped" by a man with an axe, it is placed on two sticks, a forked and a cleft one ; when two feet of the bark is shaved off from the pointed end by the woman who works beside him ; and she does this with a two-handed knife about one foot long, which she holds, and pulls towards her. Then, until recent years, such poles were ready for "sticking ;" but now the next step is to "dip" them, to prevent them rotting, and thus are they "kyanised." As many of them as can be placed are set upright in a tank that is filled with "dipping fluid"—prepared from creosote—which has been made boiling hot, by the use of fires and flues ; and when they have been in the tank for a day and night, they will be sufficiently "done," for the solution will have penetrated the points so far—where the peel has been removed—that they will not rot though they may be in the ground for years ; and as that one dipping frees them from all decay, it soon pays the cost of the process.

In concluding our glance at the growth of hop plants, we must allude to their many uses. Thus the wires—or twigs—are of service for basket and wicker-work, and the leaves furnish food for farm-stock and sheep ; from the tendrils a vegetable wax is obtained, and from their juice a colouring matter. The young shoots, too, are eaten, tasting, when boiled, like asparagus, and when bleached they can be made into strong paper and cardboard ; from their fibre, in Sweden, yarn and linen is spun, and the ashes are used by the makers of Bohemian glass ; while from the flowers, which give an agreeably bitter taste to beer, a tincture is derived, and a medicinal extract ; and a pillow filled with hops will often cause sleep, and is a great specific with old country dames.

SHELSLEY BEAUCHAMP



MR. R. H. SHEPHERD has collected, in two portly volumes, "The Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens" (Allen and Co.), and has added a very interesting bibliography, containing a complete list of every paper that Dickens ever contributed to any newspaper or magazine. In Dickens's earliest play, *The Strange Gentleman*, based on "The Great Winklebury Duel," he set the example, so often followed by others, of dramatising one of his own tales. Like the rest of his plays, it will not add much to his literary fame ; and yet, when he was one of the actors, they always went off well. For he was as good an actor as he was a public reader, and greater praise than that it is impossible to give. Moreover, he was as good a manager as Goethe ; and so under him the rollicking fun and small jokes and high-flown melodrama were all carried along triumphantly. Mr. Shepherd has collected in his introduction a mass of interesting personal matter, including a full account of how Lord Lytton's *Not So Bad as We Seem* was acted by Dickens's company before Her Majesty at Devonshire House. We are glad to have Dickens's political poems and pamphlets, though the former are by no means equal to what we often get in *Punch*, and the latter are sometimes violently one-sided. They help us to understand the man as distinct from the novelist.

"The English Citizen" (Macmillan) keeps up its high character. "The State in Relation to Labour" by Professor Stanley Jevons, "Foreign Relations" by Mr. Spencer Walpole, "The State and the Church" by Hon. Arthur Elliot, are the latest additions to this excellent series, and they are all important additions. To the first a melancholy interest attaches. It is the last work of one of the most distinguished of this year's victims to holiday-making. It is a work of great thought and sound judgment. Professor Jevons had breadth enough to see both the

need for State interference and its limits. For instance, his way of arguing the question who is to fence in dangerous machinery, and when such fencing is to be done, leaves nothing to be desired. He is no rash generaliser, but holds that every case should be decided on its own merits. One generalisation, however, he is able to maintain—that all classes are trades unionists, the difference being that, whereas labour-unions require nothing beyond ordinary working power, the professions have lately decided to admit no members who do not prove their fitness by examination. Mr. Jevons touches on partnership and arbitration—giving great praise to those *Conseils de Prudhommes* of which we spoke last week. He notes the terrible results which might follow an universal strike, say, of colliers, and thinks there ought to be "some legal authority capable in the last resort of forcing citizens to perform certain essential duties, as stoking gas retorts, mending water conduits, mining coal." Don't imprison men for refusing to go on with their legal work, but order them to work, give them proper pay, and punish (How? Would he shoot them?) if they will not work. His remarks on the Statute of Labourers and on Queen Elizabeth's Statute of Apprentices show us what liberty was in those days ; but his own suggestion savours of a return to that state of things. As he says, the great difficulty is how to interpret experience ; and his effort has been not to add to the huge existing mass of facts, but to bring out principles. We are glad that, while giving Robert Owen the credit of having originated the Factory Acts, he does not pass over the less-known Richard Oastler. Mr. Walpole's book is a history of England in her relations to Foreign Powers. We have, he thinks, always been too careless about foreign politics, leaving them to the Government until we have been committed to some course diametrically opposed to our national instincts, and then violently changing the Government by way of reprisal. It would, he remarks, be much more dignified if we had a foreign policy of our own, which it would be as impossible for Ministers to oppose as it would be for them to repeal the Reform Act or restore the Crown Lands. It seems to us that the nation never had less to say to questions of peace and war than it has now. In William III.'s time, for instance, the Partition Treaties were thrown to the wind by the popular will. The same will forced Walpole into war. But since Crimean days our wars have been the work of the Government for the time. Mr. Walpole's summary of our relations with the United States is very interesting. Few know how nearly Lord Palmerston involved us in war in the matter of the *Caroline*. More interesting still is the chapter on our Eastern policy. There is also a good chapter on Ambassadors, who, spies under Louis XI., were by Ferdinand of Aragon converted into honourable officers. In spite of this our author rejects the Spanish *ambiar* (to send) as the source of the word, preferring to trace it to some old Celtic or Teutonic root. We are glad that in speaking of ambassadors he has a good word for the too-much-forgotten Book of Maccabees. Mr. Elliot's sketch of the rise and progress of the National Church is the weakest part of his book. It is wrong, for instance, to say that "Christianity, having almost disappeared, was again revived by the mission of Augustine." Neither St. Augustine nor his followers ever "revived" a single Welshman. Again, it is misleading to say that the North of England owed its Christianity rather to Scottish monks than to Augustine's followers. It owed nothing whatsoever to the latter ; and the "Scottish monks," who, by the way, came down as far as Essex, doing the work which the Roman missionaries had only scamped, were natives of Ireland or Scotia Major. Mr. Freeman will scarcely admit that in the Conqueror's reign the division was as sharp as Mr. Elliot thinks it was between civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions. But these are trifles ; and the remarks on traffic in livings and on the voluntary system are judicious and suggestive. The history of Church law is a history in itself, and, while pointing out the best authorities, Mr. Elliot gives a good summary of it.

Every one remembers how Mr. Charles Marvin, being a Civil servant, indiscreetly published a State secret in one of the newspapers. He is equally indiscreet as to what Skobelev and Ignatief, and Grodeko, "the Russian Burnaby," and Gospodin Semenoff, Vice-President of the Russian Geographical Society, confided to him about our Eastern position and the designs of Russia. But then these gentlemen knew their man, and doubtless shaped their information accordingly. Still, such a book cannot fail to be interesting, and a dose of it is an excellent cure for Russophobia. Germany is the dangerous Power. Her organisation is so perfect that she could invade her neighbours at a moment's notice without any fear of a breakdown, while in such a case France would take weeks to get her railway service into order, and Russia would have nothing at her back but a barren wilderness. But in the East Russia is strong because she has a definite policy, and England might well exchange her sumptuous Foreign Offices for Skobelev's inconceivably shabby den if she could get in return a powerful and consistent course of action like his. Mr. Marvin, like most travellers, found railway carriages improve as he got eastward, and his account of the goodness of the cheap Russian buffets must have made many mouths water among his readers in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

To "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan) Mr. A. W. Ward adds "Dickens," and Mr. E. W. Gosse "Gray." The latter, unlike most writers in this series, has very little matter to select from. Expansion instead of compression has had to be his method ; for lives of Gray have hitherto been as meagre as his poems are few. Mr. Gosse manages to make up a very lively volume, containing several hitherto unpublished poems, giving a pleasing account of the life at Cambridge (see the poet's own "Hymn to Ignorance"), and of the travels in the North of England and the Highlands. Gray revelled in the mountains, showing thereby that he belonged to the new school of which he was one of the very earliest disciples, if not the first founder. His nice taste, however, was struck with "the sweet contrast between the noble scenes, and that perfection of nastiness and total want of accommodation that Scotland can only supply." Professor Robison, who was a recruit in the Engineers, is the authority for Wolfe having quoted the "Elegy" as he was being rowed across the Montmorency. Mr. Ward could not complain of scantiness of material ; but, instead of abridging Mr. Forster, he has tried to make Dickens his own biographer. Yet he has read all the Dickens literature, even Professor Toller and Mr. Langton, author of the charmingly illustrated "Charles Dickens and Rochester." Besides analysing most of the important works, he gives a chapter on "The Future of Dickens's Fame," in which, while by no means indiscriminate in praise, and not at all blind to patent mannerisms, he rates his author very highly, and has strong faith that his popularity will last. He brings clearly out the great influence which Fielding had on Dickens, who also owed a good deal to Carlyle, and not a little to his pupil, Wilkie Collins.

THE RESTORATION OF HEIDELBERG CASTLE has long been planned by the Germans, and a congress of architects and engineers has lately decided to carefully restore the most picturesque ruins of the old building in keeping with the original plans. Those portions which have not suffered so severely from the effects of time and weather will be repaired strongly.

A NATIONAL BEGGING ASSOCIATION has been formed in Germany to gather funds for a huge National Orphan Asylum. There are some 200,000 members, most of whom belong to the upper circles, and the funds gathered are considerable. Teutons certainly adopt curious modes of promoting charity, witness the Rhenish Cigar-tip Collecting Association, whose industry during the year has brought in over 900/. The money has been spent in clothing for 1,741 poor children.

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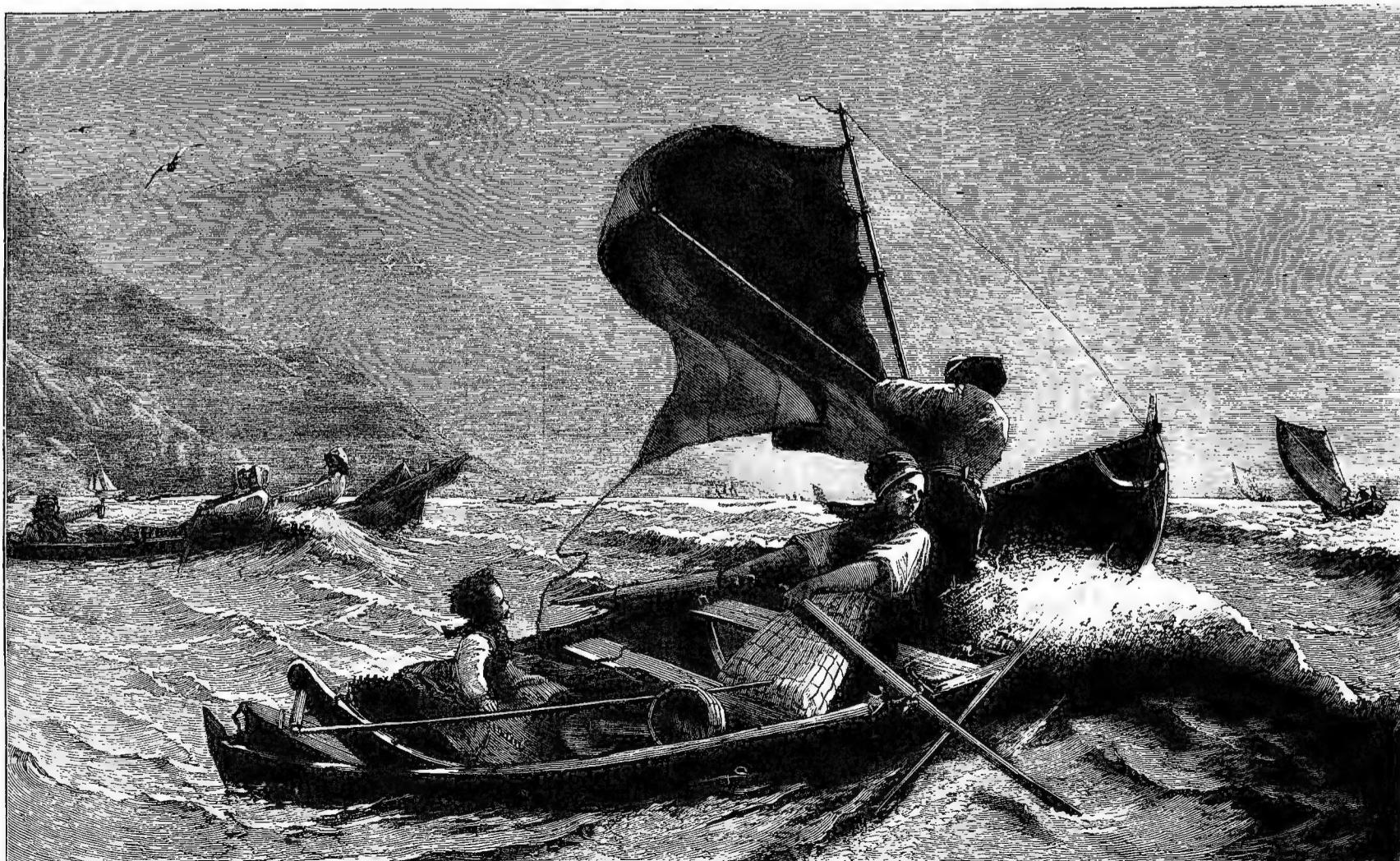
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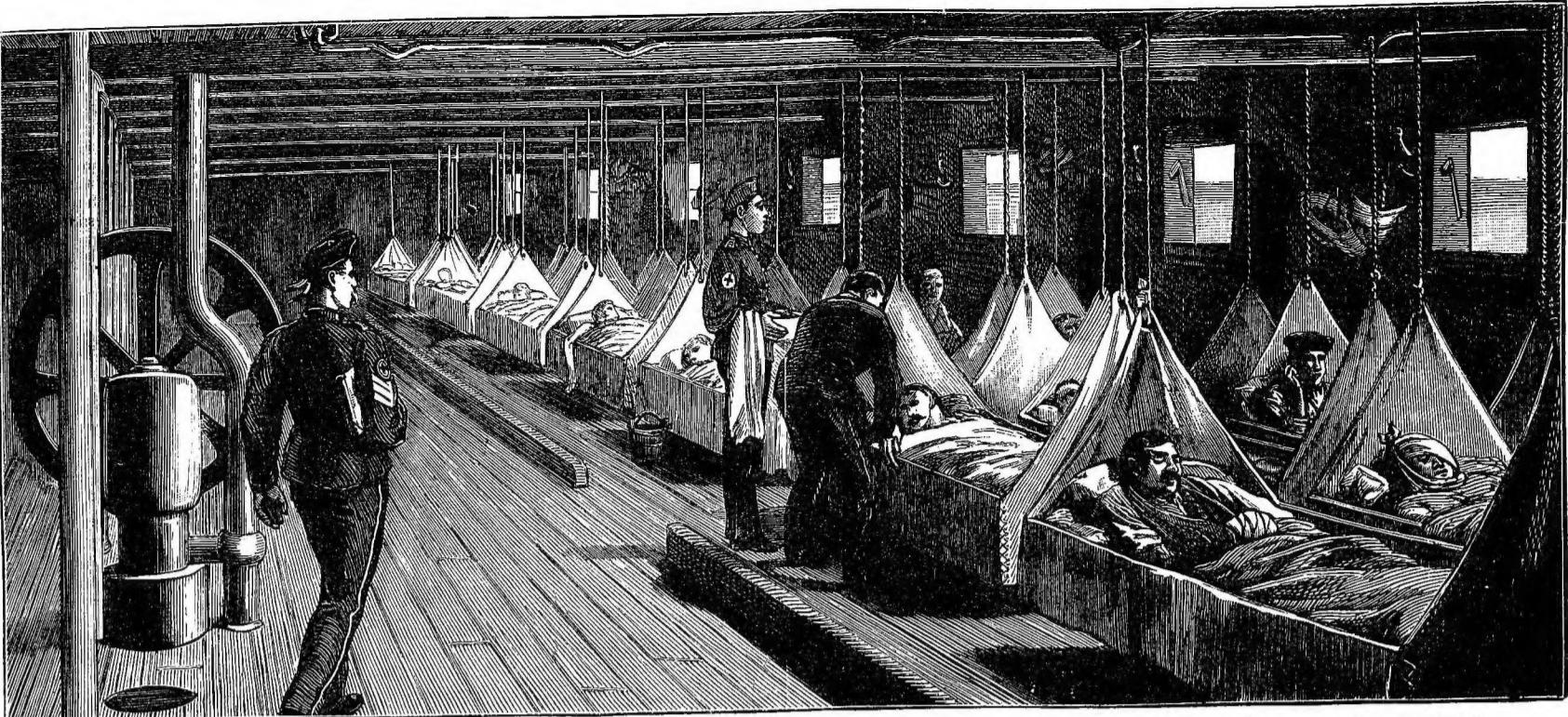


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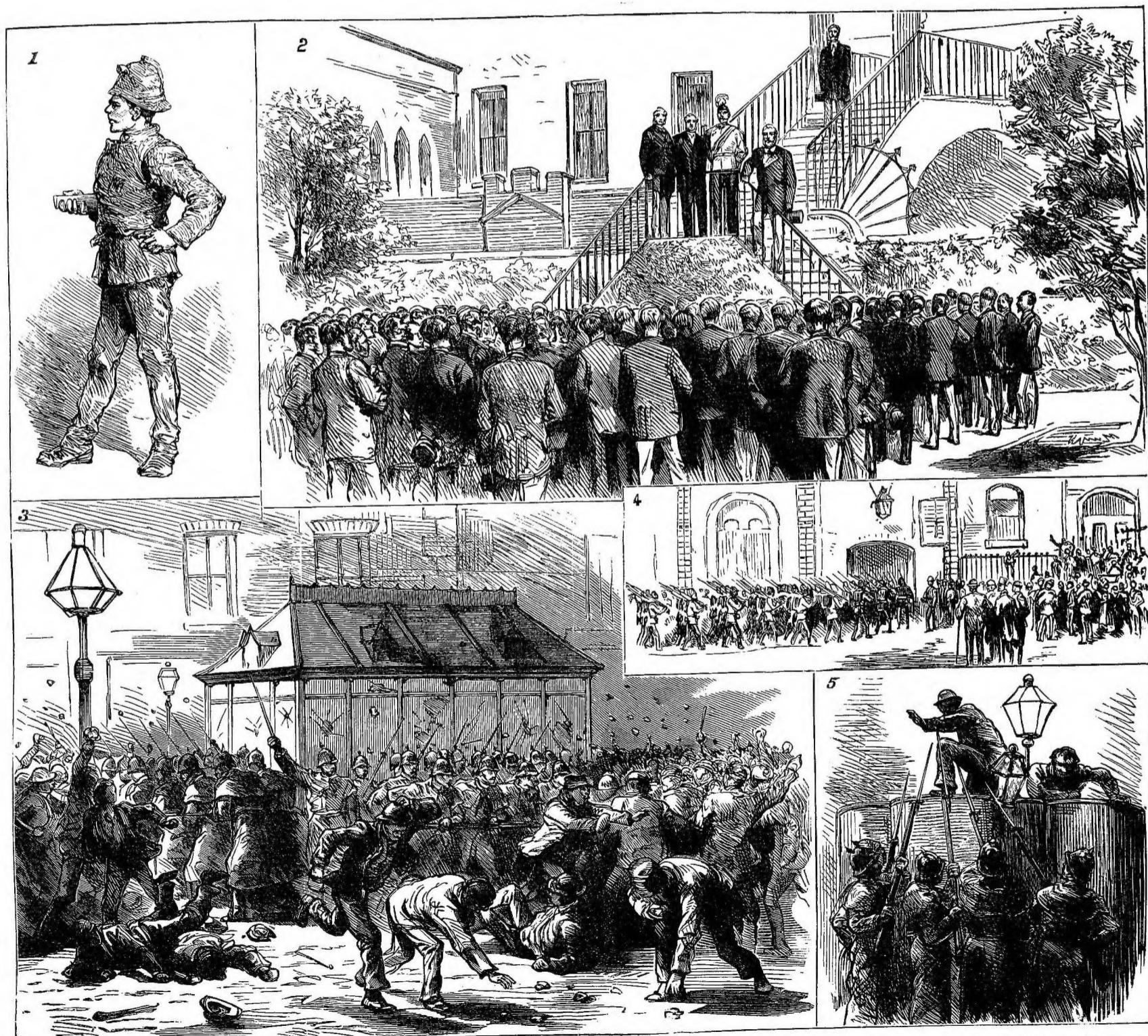
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ANGLING.—The Thames season for trout closed on Monday last, and will be remembered as having yielded more good fish than usual. Among recent captures well worth being recorded is that of a 12lb. fish at Chertsey, taken by Mr. Hatfield, of the Silver Trout Angling Club. This grand fish may now be seen in one of the tanks at the Westminster Aquarium, in company with a smaller fish of 7 lbs., also taken by Mr. Hatfield a few weeks ago. They are well worth a visit, as also the fine collection of barbel, bream, and carp now on view, which thrive under Mr. J. T. Carrington's management better than any collection of fresh-water fish yet exhibited to the public.

AT THE CURRAGH CAMP

KILDARE is not a cheerful town. An old county history says with the magniloquence of the period: "On entering it it dashes to the dust the hopes it had excited, grieves ghastly derision on the enthusiasm of the antiquarian visitor, folds round him clouds of offensive odours, and huddles itself up in so squalid and tawdry a dress of cabin-masonry, grotesquely patched with deformed and clumsy remains of sham ancient architecture, as instantly to convince him that it owes all its interest to the tales of history, and to the mind's power of abstracting its architectural monuments from connection with rubbish and juxtaposition to the filth and crudities of a commonplace Irish village."

When that was written there was no Curragh Camp; yet the Round Tower was there, three feet higher than Trajan's Column; and the few stones of St. Bridget's Firehouse, where that lady who, next to the Queen of Heaven, gives the largest number of Christian names to Irish girls, lighted her vestal fire and formed her double abbey—men on one side of the wall, women on the other—just 1,400 years ago; and also the remains of the Castle—English, built soon after Strongbow, for "the Pale" turned inland, leaving the fastnesses of Wicklow, as it did those of the North; and Kildare, the Church among the Oaks, was one of the first links added of the chain which soon joined the now English ports of Dublin and Waterford. But Kildare now is wonderfully thriving; Queen Elizabeth destroyed it—in 1600, after her wars, every house was in ruins, and there was not a single inhabitant; Queen Victoria has raised it to prosperity, by setting up in the neighbourhood the largest of our permanent camps. It has not profited half so much by the neighbourhood of the Camp as Newbridge village has. Just as many a good old town in England was too proud to take advantage of railways, so Kildare, wrapped up in its respectability, was content to put up with the Curragh instead of laying itself out to make its fortune thereby. Still, the neighbourhood of a big camp must bring money; and money is the great want of Irish towns, little and big. And so Kildare has smartened up; has ceased to be either squalid or tawdry; above all, perhaps taking a lesson from the perfect sewage system of the camp, has got wholly rid of its offensive odours.

You must see it, going or coming; for the Round Tower is one of the finest of them all. There are ladders up to the top of it, as you climb which you can notice the masonry courses on which the original floors rested. The view is very fine; I saw the whole Wicklow range, except Lugaquilla, which was hidden by the same black cloud that had peppered us with big hailstones and drenched us with thunder-rain as we drove from the camp. Hills more or less all round ought to draw off the showers, but they do not; they rather bring them to be discharged over the plain. Thunder, on the contrary, rarely comes. It was thundering on the Hill of Allen and Kildare Chair while I was on the tower, and, when I asked if the iron hand-rail was joined to a lightning-rod, "No," said the verger, "the electricity never leaves the high grounds, and a dry tower is a very bad conductor." So it is; and, unless your wire is carried on into water, it does more harm than good. I was glad to catch a glimpse of the [Galters; that "Devil's bit" is away near Cashel, and must be something like fifty miles from Kildare.

Another sign of revival is that Kildare Cathedral is being restored. It used to be like Llandaff was when I first saw it—nave, tower, and transepts in ruins, and in place of the choir a "neat structure" of the Wesleyan Chapel type. This is now pulled down, and service is held in the restored south transept. The peculiarly massive tower is also restored, and the other transept and nave are roofed in, and are being carefully finished, after the plans of Mr. Street, who left his mark on Christ Church, Dublin. The nave has no aisles, the pier arches being external between the buttresses, the object of this and of several other arrangements being strength, for the building was, like Durham, half-church, half-fortress. The huge tomb of Maurice Fitzgerald lies broken in the churchyard, waiting to be set up when the choir is rebuilt. Of the Firehouse there are only the smallest traces—a few grass-grown stones; but, to make up, St. Bridget has left her footprint in the slab at the south transept door.

On the Curragh it strikes you at once that that upland plain, with its fine turf, is better every way (as it certainly is healthier) than Aldershot. This is not a good time for going there; "only shadows of regiments are left," said my car driver. Indeed, the biggest military display I came in for was not at the camp, but at Newbridge, where a squadron of lancers was riding into barrack, with kettledrums and all due pomp and circumstance. In the centre of the camp is the wooden clock tower and two wooden churches. The tower stands between the two; it would not do to show partiality by attaching it to either, for one is the Catholic, the other the Protestant, shared by Church and Kirk, a few ornaments being put away when the Presbyterian worship begins. The churches are as like as two peas—regulation pulpit, regulation font (the Catholics having a metal division to suit their form of baptism). The Wesleyans have built a brick chapel not far off. Indeed, brick and cement are trying to supersede the wood, which has lasted some twenty-five years, and looks very well, painted dark red, with roofing of black felt. The gymnasium, close by the racket court, was full of men working under instructors; the officers have hours for themselves. There are two infirmaries, schools for men and boys, a regimental library; and, in the Protestant vestry, a library for the "Guild of the Royal Standards." The ubiquitous Smith, too, has a hut; though he has not superseded Morrow, the Dublin Mudie.

Everybody seems admirably housed, the verdict of men and officers being strongly for wood rather than concrete. The Staff huts, the Engineers', &c., are as snug as anything can be, standing in quite pretty gardens, with trees, tennis-grounds, and not flowers only, but plenty of vegetables. One thinks that the men in general might find more leisure for gardening; but with this short service a deal has to be put into a little time. The lines, from A to K, form quite a town; and yet how small it looks, not only from the Kildare Tower, but when you are standing in the midst of it, compared with those grand Wicklow mountains. I, remembering the smells at Shorncliffe, was struck with the absence of them here. Fatigue parties sweeping up, deodorisers used with such discretion as not to make themselves offensive; lime-wash and perfect cleanliness, and a thriving sewage-farm on the other side of the rifle-butts to show that there is a right as well as a wrong way of getting rid of refuse. The rifle-butts are guarded by vedettes—good practice for outpost duty. Beyond the farm amid groups of trees, horse-breeders and trainers have their homes; on the other side is the famous race-ground. Scarcely a tent; they are not wanted now the force is reduced to some 4,000 men. A body of police was marching back from musketry practice. They are practically soldiers; and to see a couple of them at the smallest railway station, sometimes peering into the carriages, makes one think of France under the second Empire. The English officers

in the Curragh have a far pleasanter time of it than those who are somewhat unfairly described as "paid to earn the hatred of their fellow-countrymen." In those with whom I lunched I was struck with that look of perfect health, so different not only from what one sees in the average reading man, but even in the average University athlete. Perfect health of course gives steadiness of hand to witness the challenge shield, a copy of Sigman's sixteenth-century work at South Kensington. It must be a very pleasant change from country quarters; and the stage at the back of the Gymnasium speaks of one kind of amusement which some cartes at the Camp photographer's prove to be very successful as far as "get up" goes. Perfect regularity is the grand blessing. I've often heard University men, who ought to be perfectly regular but are not forced to be so, wish there was some *force majeure* to keep them regular in play as well as work. It is because the most cultured are going back to the savage's plan of doing things by fits and starts that Postlethwaite manages to get himself a following among weaklings.

But I must get back, after a very pleasant day, in which the old and the new, "St. Bridget and her city," and Queen Victoria and her camp, are strangely mingled. It is a quick run to Dublin; and soon the big obelisk shows that we are close to the Phoenix, though far enough away from the gate by which it is usually entered. Kingsbridge, by the way, the suburb of hospitals, is a good introduction to the Curragh. Get to its palatial station half-an-hour too soon; and walk up past Swifts' and Steevens's Hospital to the Irish Chelsea College, also provided by that far too much abused King Charles II. The Hall, along with its tattered flags and solid mess-tables, has a great many full-length portraits—among them Narcissus Marsh, far worse as a private than Charles was a king. The ceiling of the Chapel is a fine example of Dublin stucco (as I have called it). The window was given by the Queen in '49. Some of the old men grumble, they grumble anywhere. "The discipline is too strict." Ah, that's the very best thing about the place. Compare a pensioner in a Dublin suburb, drunken and degraded, with one here, where he is obliged to keep himself decent and conform to rules. I trust it won't be broken up.

HENRY STUART FAGAN



THE interest which playgoers take nowadays in anything approaching to the character of a theatrical event was manifested on Saturday evening last in the large and distinguished audience assembled at TOOLE'S Theatre to witness the first performance of a new adaptation by Mr. James Mortimer. The somewhat premature reopening of the elegant little house, known to the public in its unregenerate days as the Charing Cross and the Folly, has no connection with Mr. Toole's regular campaign, which does not recommence until the 7th of October next. In brief, the venture is simply one of those temporary arrangements of the seaside holiday season which as a rule pass away without attracting particular attention, and are speedily forgotten. Nor did the play which Mr. Mortimer has chosen to readapt for the occasion offer any great attractions; but there was to be seen that night in a leading character an American actress of considerable reputation as a representative of those parts in modern comedy which demand both a vivacious and a serious style of acting. And this, as it proved, was quite sufficient to create a certain degree of curiosity—we might even say of excitement—regarding the event. *Diane de Lys*, performed for the first time at the Gymnase Theatre in 1853, with that delightful actress who was known to the world as Madame Rose Chéri in the leading part, is an early work of its distinguished author, and was founded, like its immediate predecessor, the notorious *Dame aux Camélias*, upon a novelette from the same pen. It is interesting as giving the first indication of that passion for turning the stage into a sort of pulpit for the enforcement of certain views regarding society which M. Dumas has since exhibited in so much more decided a fashion. That *Diane de Lys* presents a wholesome story cannot be said, nor is it particularly dramatic. Its personages talk a good deal, and there are one or two situations of strong interest, but the play as a whole shows little ingenuity of design, nor does its *dénouement* satisfy either the romantic or the thoughtful spectator. As regards its morality, it seems mainly calculated to enforce the view that a rather strong course of flirtation on the part of a married lady is perfectly excusable when her husband neglects her. The husband in this case, though cold and indifferent towards his wife, threatens to shoot, and in the end does shoot dead, her Platonic admirer. At this point the curtain falls. Apparently the deduction which the audience are left to draw is that it is a monstrous hardship that a husband should be permitted to conduct himself in this fashion towards a wife whom he leaves to the society of other men, and it has been guessed that the ultimate object is to show how urgent is the necessity for a law of divorce in France. On the whole the play, which Mr. Mortimer calls by the simple name of *Diane*, strikes an English audience as a rather dull and verbose production, though the translator has abridged much of the dialogue, and has so far altered the *dénouement* that it is the wife and not her lover who in the confusion receives the fatal bullet. Miss Davenport, who is a handsome lady, though decidedly more massive in frame than "heroine beseems," failed to awaken any very great interest in the wayward, impulsive Diane. Her girlish playfulness in the first act sat but ill upon the shoulders of an actress of decidedly mature appearance. But it is fair to add that in the later more passionate and exciting scenes she played with tokens of genuine power, and with a command of pathetic expression which would probably create a better impression under more favourable conditions. The new play is supported by an excellent company. Mr. Hermann Vezin, who is an approved representative of polished, deliberate, cynical villains, plays the part of the coldly revengeful husband with an air of half-suppressed power which is highly effective; and the part of the intended victim of his pistol shot finds in the American actor, Mr. Plympton (lately a member of Mr. Edwin Booth's company), an excellent representative, reminding one in some respects of Mr. Coghlan. Parts less prominent, but still important, are well sustained by Miss Eleanor Buxton, Miss Sophie Eyre, Mr. Reeves Smith, Mr. Philip Day, and Mr. Edmund Lyons.

The heavy—though doubtless not too heavy—hand of the Board of Works and the Lord Chamberlain appears to have descended on the PRINCE OF WALES'S Theatre to a degree which has at last daunted Mr. Edgar Bruce. Any way, we believe that this popular manager and his company will not reappear here, but remove next season to the GLOBE. This is, however, merely a temporary arrangement, pending the erection of the new house which Mr. Bruce contemplates building in Oxenden Street. As regards the Prince of Wales's, it will, we believe, have to undergo, before its license is renewed, considerable alteration.

The latest novelty of the London stage is a company which is to be composed entirely of ladies—even the orchestra being in sole possession of the female sex. The organiser of this troupe, Miss Lila Clay, got together, we believe, some time since a company which might be described as a set of lady Moore and Burgess Minstrels without the black lead. This little knot has now been augmented to fifty, who are trained to vocal and histrionic perform-

ances, and will appear at the *OPÉRA COMIQUE* next month. Besides their songs and choruses they will perform an operetta written for them by Mr. Robert Reece, with music by Herr Meyer Lutz.

The COMEDY Theatre has reopened with *Boccaccio*, which has undergone some improvements. The rather slight part of the tipsy olive grower, allotted to Mr. Robert Brough, has been elaborated by that performer in a fashion which, if somewhat extravagant, manifestly affords much amusement to the audience. Miss Violet Cameron and Mr. J. G. Taylor still sustain their original parts; but the company has been recruited by the accession of Mr. Arthur Weston, in the character of Leonetto, and Miss Clara Merivale in that of the niece. Mr. Planchette's *Rip Van Winkle*, which has been written expressly for the London stage, is in preparation, and will shortly take the place of *Boccaccio* at the Comedy Theatre.



FOR TORTURING PIGEONS by tying crackers to their legs two youths at Mile End were severally fined the certainly not excessive sum of 20s. One of the birds it was stated was severely scorched. The lightness of the penalty could scarcely have been due to the fact that the father of the youths stood by and "laughed to see the sport."

ANOTHER UNQUALIFIED DISPENSARY ASSISTANT AND HIS EMPLOYER have been summoned and fined, the first for issuing and the second for signing a false certificate of the death of the child, whom his employer had never attended personally. It was not alleged that the assistant had represented himself as a qualified practitioner, or that the child for whom he had prescribed according to his employer's instructions had been unskillfully treated. But the offence was none the less a serious one, since it deceived patients and led to the falsification of the registers. The magistrate accordingly imposed full penalties in both cases.

AN ATTEMPT TO INFRINGE ON COMMONERS' RIGHTS AT MITCHAM by enclosing a portion of the Common which had been used for over twenty-five years as a recreation ground, was resisted not long ago in the usual way—the Commoners pulling down and burning boards and notices, and a builder's hut which had been put up. A charge brought against one of their number for wilful damage at Croydon Petty Sessions has been dismissed for want of evidence.

THE BURGLAR SEASON has apparently set in in full force. Close following on the affray at Stamford Hill comes news from Leicester of a daring burglary in the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Dowell. Grappled with by the husband, the robber had nearly gained the upper hand when Mrs. Dowell bravely struck in, and disabled the assailant with a blow from a heavy poker. The burglar, who gave the name of William Shepherd, came from London. A second man, who is suspected of having been concerned in several other robberies, has since been arrested. Both Mr. and Mrs. Dowell were much injured, and the latter, who suffers from an affection of the heart, was for a time in danger of her life. At Sydenham and Forest Hill burglaries, it is said, are almost of weekly occurrence.

THE HOME SECRETARY has dealt very wisely with the Rev. Philip Gast, who requests that the convict Arthur Orton be informed that a Conference of Christian ministers and other sympathisers with the Claimant will be held shortly. Sir W. Harcourt declines "to inform the convict of the proposed conference or permit him to write a statement of those points of his case which he would desire to have discussed."

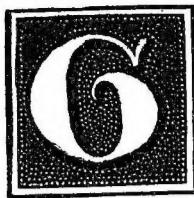
WAS it ignorance of the law, or the too common neglect to make a will in time, which led the other day to a curious instance of escheat to the Crown? The property in question was over 300/- a year, and had passed from a father to his son, the latter of whom dying intestate and without heirs, his estate was claimed by the Crown. The widows of both men were alive, but in the case of the elder man's wife, "dower had been barred," and the son's wife could only claim her "widow's third."

THE HARVEST HOME of the Philanthropic Society's Farm School at Redhill was held on Wednesday last. The institution contains five homes, the boys in which have all been convicted of crime once, and some, indeed, several times. The average number at the school is 301. The re-convictions of those who leave the schools number 10·57 per cent. of the boys who remain in England, and 5·58 per cent. of those who emigrate.

IN the event of the Board of Works refusing to provide "for vehicular and foot traffic during the whole twenty-four hours" while Hammersmith Bridge is being rebuilt, it was resolved at a large meeting, held at Hammersmith on Wednesday, that the inhabitants of the neighbourhood shall be invited to join in an appeal for an injunction, as was done in the case of the Fulham Small-Pox Hospital.

THE SEPTEMBER SESSION OF THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT was opened on Monday. Verdicts of guilty were returned—subject to certain points reserved for the decision of the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases—against two men, Carr and Wilson, who had been indicted for stealing certain valuable foreign bonds, the property of the Great Eastern Railway Company. It was ruled in the course of the case by Mr. Justice North that the fact of a vessel being anchored to a foreign port did not take her out of English jurisdiction.

HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—Our critical notice of the Hereford Musical Festival is unavoidably postponed. Meanwhile we may say that the festival has been favoured by congenial weather, which added to the comfort and enhanced the gratification of its constant supporters. This was the 159th anniversary of the meetings of the choirs of Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, originally instituted for the benefit of widows and orphans of the poorer clergy, whose services for good within the limits of the three dioceses can scarcely be over-estimated. When such energetic workers are called away it seems only just that those who survive to deplore their loss should be cared for through such devices as are deemed expedient. In the cathedral towns of mid-England a vast deal has been effected during the course of a century and upwards in promotion of so desirable an object; and on this account alone the annual assemblies of the choirs, in one or other city, merit help and countenance. It has been urged that the wealthier clergy might, while scarcely feeling the tax upon their resources, provide all that is indispensable for the requirements of their less fortunate co-labourers in the cause, and thus do away with the necessity of giving what some persist in designating as "musical entertainments" in their churches, paying for the aid of singers and players upon instruments, and charging money for admission, in order to meet the expenses incurred. But, as it would appear, the wealthier clergy do nothing of the kind. Why, therefore, any antagonism should be shown to the continuance of the Festivals of the Three Choirs, it is not easy to explain. The outcry about "novelty" is altogether without meaning, as regards the performances, and that it was wholly unjustified on the present occasion we shall endeavour to prove next week. Enough that the "novelties" actually presented gave entire satisfaction; that the programme, taken as a whole, was both varied and excellent; and that the performances generally were worthy the reputation long, and long still, it may be hoped, in store for the Festivals of the Three Choirs.



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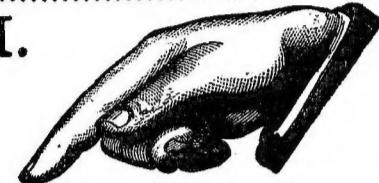
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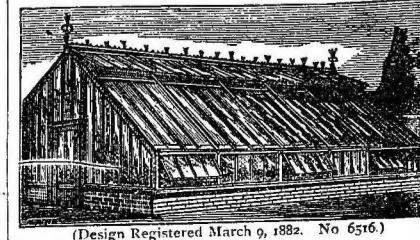
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